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Aims at forming a bond of union between all who cherish the association of Shakespeare with London, as the scene of his life-work. The main object of the Society is to organise an annual commemoration of the Poet in London.

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Hellas, a lyrical Drama, 1822.

Helps (A.) Spanish Conquest, 4 vols., 1855-61, or vol. 4.

Hennepin's New Discovery of a Vast Country in America, 8vo, 1698.

Heppenwhite's Cabinet Makers' Guide.

Herbert (George) The Temple, 1833, or imperfect.

Herrick (Robert) Hesperides, 1648.

Hervey (L.) George the Second, 2 vols., 1848.

Hervey (T.) Book of Christmas, 1836.

Hesiod, Georgics, translated by Chapman, 4to, 1618.

Hewitson, Eggs of British Birds, 2 vols., 1856.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN an American magazine, *The Critic and Literary World*, to wit, there has been going on for the last two months what the editor describes, in the choice language of our transatlantic cousins, as "a symposium on the slump in poetry." The collocation of these words "symposium," "slump," "poetry," would in itself be sufficient to demonstrate that the discussion was not uncalled for, since, both by precept and example, it shows the falling away in taste which has given rise to this lament. One's first inquiry, however, is why this cry should have been raised in America. To use the language affected by our contemporary, we were not aware that poetry ever was much on the boom there. Has America really added one to the great poets of the world? The answer must be negative, unless a place beside Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante, is claimed for Edgar Allan Poe, William Cullen Bryan, or Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The United States has developed many qualities that are entitled to be described as magnificent, but among them is not to be numbered the art of writing either prose or verse. Not that by any means we wish to depreciate the many eminent essayists, historians, and versifiers, who have sprung from America. Many of them are in a high rank, but not one has been absolutely supreme.

No doubt these opinions will be resented in the United States, because the tests applied there are not such as we would use. For example, there is a gentleman called Frederick Lawrence Knowles who contributes to the symposium a little essay which evidently is meant to be final. A friend of his has made more than \$30,000 from verse alone, and who can talk of a slump after that? He is a great poet who contributes occasional verse to the newspapers, who makes humorous rhymes, and composes lyrics for the librettos of comic operas, to say nothing of his magazine verse and published books. We can very well imagine this bard opening his letter-bag in the morning and reading with great satisfaction the orders that come in for poetry; so many songs for a new comic opera, a few lines for the leading newspaper, and several feet for a popular magazine. A happy bard one would think him, but alas! even his bed is not one entirely of roses. In spite of all this indisputable success he has his own grievances and worries; as for instance, that "his name is unmentioned in Miss Rittenhouse's recent volume on Younger American Poets, or even in Stedman's 'Encyclopaedic Anthology.'" To a man of his eminence this neglect must be disgusting. The true laurel in America is the almighty dollar, and after it has been bound round his brows by the publishers it is most arrogant of these paltry anthologists to omit him from their roll of fame.

There are others besides this commercial gentleman who deny that there is any slump in verse. A test question proposed to be set to pessimists by one contributor, is, "What do they really know about the poetry of Woodberry, and Moody, and Edith Thomas?" It would appear that these are the names of three illustrious poets who might as well be living on another planet for all that we know on this side of the Atlantic of what we presume to be their deathless verse. But the allusions form a most perplexing element in this "Symposium on the Slump." For example, one of the writers, Richard Burton his name, remarks in a most casual manner: "If the poet deal with homely, simple humanity, like Riley, or if his note be strongly social or socialistic, like Markham's, he still gets some hearing." Now who is Riley and who is Markham? or are these but pseudonyms for our old friend Mrs. Harris? They well might be for aught we know. In dead earnest, our reason for mentioning their names is to show the exceedingly low standard which is set up by those who presume to be guides and critics. The contributors to this symposium, with one or two brilliant exceptions, give no evidence whatever that they know what fine poetry is.

Wordsworth used to say that a great poet must make and educate his own audience. The herd of minors, so loudly exalted, owe their popularity mainly to the fact that they are not pioneers but merely followers of an old convention—not voices, but echoes only. The true voice appears but seldom, and when it does appear is so strange and new that it almost invariably fails to attract attention. But if the owner of it be a true poet, then slowly and steadily he will conquer his own allotted territory in the world of art. Looking back at the history of literature, how easy is it to see that a great poet has appeared scarcely once in a hundred years, and that the period between looks now like an arid waste, though at the time it produced in abundance popular versifiers who no doubt imagined they were going down the ages to immortality. We are afraid that this dictum will sound strange and foreign to those who have taken part in the controversy. The statement should rather have been in these terms—that each of these little bards had his boom and was not aware of the slump that awaited him.

The annual meeting of the Cowper Society, held on Tuesday, the anniversary of Cowper's death, at East Dereham, Norfolk, brought to light some interesting unpublished letters relating to the "Abbott Portrait" of the poet. John Johnson (Johnny of Norfolk) writes to his sister Catherine from Weston Underwood on July 19, 1792:

"Mr. Abbott . . . has actually painted a most enchanting likeness of our great poet. Nothing can be more like. . . . He has been the best sitter Mr. Abbott ever had in his life. I am now relieving him by sitting for the lights and shades of the leg, and am therefore cross-legged and sitting at his desk, but he will resume again for the finishing part."

On March 7, 1793, Lady Hesketh writes to John Johnson:

"Let me tell you I have seen the picture; admire it full as much as you do; think it by much the strongest likeness I ever saw."

On May 15, 1793, John Johnson says, referring to Lady Hesketh:

"She complains vehemently that the picture was not in the exhibition. All the circle she moves in are outrageous about it, she says."

We seem about to witness a great extension of the work done by the book canvasser, who already flourishes exceedingly in the colonies and the United States. "Book agent" he is called in America, and when he is given a good book which cannot be obtained from the libraries or the booksellers—that is essential—he sometimes produces marvellous results. Grant's "Memoirs" were sold in that way in the States. The whole Union was mapped out into districts, and every possible purchaser, from Maine to

Texas, and from Florida to Oregon, was canvassed, with the result that hundreds of thousands of copies were sold at a high price, and the President's widow made a large fortune—not less, we have heard, than £100,000. The copyright was the only property that the President, who had lost his savings in an unfortunate business speculation, was able to bequeath to her. He wrote the book on his death-bed expressly to save her from destitution, and only just lived long enough to finish it.

A little while ago we were all congratulating ourselves on the adherence, welcome though tardy, of Sweden and Norway to the terms of the Berne Convention. Now, however, the Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors points out, in a circular letter to editors, that "although Sweden adhered to the Berne Convention of 1886 it did not adhere to the additional Act of Paris of 1896." The difference is important to all owners of literary property, as two quotations will show. Article 7 of the Berne Convention contains the following:

"Articles from newspapers or periodicals published in any of the countries of the Union may be reproduced in original or in translation in the other countries of the Union, unless the authors or publishers have expressly forbidden it."

The additional Act of Paris altered this so as to run:

"Serial stories including tales, published in the newspapers or periodicals of one of the countries of the Union, may not be reproduced, in original or translation, in the other countries, without the sanction of the authors or their representatives."

The practical effect of this is that the Swedish copyright will be lost unless the formal notice "All rights reserved" is given either generally in the periodical or particularly with the article. Let all whom this concerns give heed. The value of the Swedish copyright in a serial is seldom more than a ten pound note; but it is "found money," and should not be carelessly thrown away.

The Blackpool Watch Committee, with the help of the Public Libraries, has decided to "do something" to combat the influence of the "penny dreadfuls." All the schools in the town are to be supplied with libraries from which the scholars may take out books which it is hoped they will like better than these obnoxious popular pennyworths. It is an excellent idea—always supposing that the scholars can be persuaded to use the libraries; but it raises the question: What exactly is a "penny dreadful"? How does it differ from any other boys' book of adventure to which the epithet "dreadful" does not apply?

Our paragraph on Mr. Pissarro's Eragny Press last week has brought us a protest against our use of the phrase "unique." The Eragny Press, it appears, is not unique—"in the sense that it exists alone"—and we devoutly hope no one suspected us of misusing the word in any other sense! There are, besides, the Pear-Tree Press at Petersfield, the Dove's Press at Hammersmith and the Essex House Press—"and possibly others" adds our correspondent. There are others. There is the St. Mâhel Workshop at Bushey, and there is Miss Yeats's Dun Emer Press at Dundrum.

It is the Pear-Tree Press which sends us the first number of a new series of "The Elf, A Magazine of Drawings and Writings by James Guthrie, printed by Hand at his own Press." "The Elf" is a thin quarto, of which only one hundred copies are printed, and its first (March) number comprises a frontispiece, a title-page, and other illustrations by Mr. Guthrie, two designs for book-plates by Mr. R. B. Lodge, and a small quantity of poetry and prose. But it is the printing with which we are here concerned. The type is excellent and the printing faultless; but there is nothing new about either. And there is room for improvement in modern type. It is a

matter of regret that Mr. Ricketts has never continued his experiments in the designing of type. His "King's Fount" went far to overcome some standing faults, in the matter, for instance, of t's and r's, though the s's and a's remained, as s's and a's always have been, feeble and unsatisfactory.

Mr. E. V. Lucas refers in his Preface to the Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb to "the fatality that indissolubly associates editors of Lamb with inaccuracy." Pity 'tis, 'tis true. This undesirable state of affairs however does not seem to be confined altogether to editors, others sharing with them this failing, as will be seen from the following extract which we copy from a recent catalogue of second-hand books offered for sale by a Midland bookseller. It runs thus: "The London Magazine for 1820-21-22, edited by Chas. Lamb, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, and others. Contains Lamb's Essays of *Eliza*" (the italics are our own). Lamb in the editorial chair appeals strongly to the imagination. What, we wonder, would have been his mode of reply when returning rejected articles? We cannot fancy that he would have used any stereotyped expression but would have found an opportunity of being, as he always was, truly original.

In spite of the rapidity of progress in the United States it does not appear from Mr. Henry James' article in the *North American Review* that he finds New England greatly altered from what it was in Hawthorne's time. In the picturesque description of "quiet provincial Salem" that he gives in his monograph on the author of the "Scarlet Letter," the squire and the parson are conspicuous by their absence; and to-day Mr. James still laments that they have no place in the New England landscape. For the ivy-mantled church, with its venerable associations, there is still the New England meeting-house, "vast and vacant;" for the sense of poetry given by the presence of an ancient building dedicated to religion, "the small substitute, the mere multiplication of the signs of theological enterprise."

Similarly with the squire—his absence makes the traveller appreciate his value. In his stead there was, in Hawthorne's time, an aristocracy of wealth, formed of "enterprising ship-owners who despatched vessels to Indian and Chinese seas." This did not prevent Salem from being one of the most democratic and virtuous of communities. But it was deadly dull—especially for a growing genius. Mr. James appears to think that the difference between New England and some European countries is that, in the former there is no point at which feudal influences have begun, whereas "on this side" there is no point at which they have obviously ceased.

A prison with a literary association is about to be pulled down in Paris. This is the Cherche-Midi, where the Dreyfus Court Martial was held. Once upon a time there was a Clerk of the Court, who had apartments in the prison, and who had a daughter. A young poet came courting his daughter, and ultimately carried her away, and married her. The daughter's name was Adèle Foucher. The poet's name was Victor Hugo.

It was a marriage which had been, in a sense, predicted, and fore-ordained. The Clerk of the Court and the poet's father, General, then only Major Hugo, had been old friends, and the Major had been best man at Foucher's wedding. At the wedding-breakfast, if we may believe what we read in "Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie," he filled his glass and gave the following toast: "You shall have a daughter, I will have a son, and we will marry them. I drink to the prosperity of their ménage."

The ménage was not, in all respects, so prosperous as it might have been. There came a time when Madame Hugo, instead of loving her husband, loved his critic, Sainte-Beuve

and when the poet, instead of loving his wife, loved the actress, Juliette Drouet. Some correspondence bearing upon this latter romance has been discovered, and is about to be published.

While we are speaking of Victor Hugo, let us take the opportunity of printing an unpublished letter, just discovered, addressed to Alexandre Weill, and rich in psychological interest. It is written from Hauteville House, and runs as follows :

" You recollect me a little, and I am touched by the fact. I thank you for the opportunity of reading the works of your genius, always so strong and so full of matter. We are—you and I—at once at profound variance and in mysterious accord. There are, beyond the world of men, horizons where our spirits penetrate and meet. I am one of those who, like you, ' believing in God, regard themselves as works created for the sole purpose of glorifying the Creator.' The severe solitude in which I live, and in which I feel that I shall die, permits me no other thoughts. I am composed of an Alas and a Hosannah. Alas, when I look at the earth. Hosannah, when I dream of what lies beyond, and when I feel in my brain, flashing through my skull, the splendid penetration of Heaven.

" In God, then—that is to say in fraternity—I clasp your hand.—VICTOR HUGO."

French spelling reform, of which we spoke last week, is not by any means being discussed for the first time. Various of the great writers of the past have taken sides about it. Balzac, in " Louis Lambert" resolutely opposed all change. " What a magnificent book," he exclaims, " might one not write, in relating the life and adventures of a word ! " On the other side we find Agrippa d'Aubigné, the sixteenth-century poet. " If," he protests, " the French language were written as it is pronounced, foreigners who wanted to learn it would be spared a third of their time and trouble." The only difficulty which he sees is that there is no authority competent to introduce the changes. " We should require," he says, " a learned King, or at all events an excellent Chancellor seconded by the best of Parliaments, to write all public acts in this style, and, in due course, to suppress everything written with any other orthography."

British Museum readers who grumble—and there are such—may be interested to learn that the readers at the Bibliothèque Nationale grumble more, and with greater reason. A list of grievances has been set forth in the *Gil Blas*. The reading-room, we are told, is noisy. The attendants slam the books down on to the desks like paving-stones, and engage in conversation in a loud tone of voice. A reader describes how they expressed their admiration when a lady with auburn hair walked up the library. They pointed her out to each other, exclaiming : " Voilà le casque d'or." That sort of thing at all events does not happen in Bloomsbury. Another advantage on our side is the electric light. The reading-room of the Bibliothèque National has no artificial illuminants.

Henry-Auguste Barbier, whose centenary France celebrated yesterday (April 28), has his interest for Englishmen. Like Byron, he woke up one morning and found himself famous. Paris was still seething with the Revolution of July when he published a poem in the *Revue de Paris*, attacking with scathing irony the prosperous *bourgeois* who had remained in hiding while the mob were " rushing to immortality," and had even emerged from their obscurity and asked for their rewards. The death of his mother caused him to travel, and later he wrote a number of poems describing the misery of London as he saw it and of the English working class. To Londoners he was scarcely polite. He called them people in black, living and dying in silence, and the victims of a fatal instinct that forced them ever on in the pursuit of gold.

In noticing a little book of essays on " Questions Actuelles" by the Abbé Ragon a collaborator of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* makes some severe remarks on the subject of English pronunciation of Latin. " We Russians," he declares, with the ingenuous vanity of his

race, " have had the true pronunciation—that of Germany and Italy—from all time." He continues :

" It appears that at Oxford and Cambridge the first verse of the *Bucolica* :

Tetera tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi
is pronounced so :

Titiré, tu pétoulé rikioubans seub tegminé fédjai."

It may be, as this excellent Latinist states, that we hold the championship of the world for absurdity in this matter ; but in regard to Latin spelling it is obvious that Russian writers can easily surpass us. After " Tetera tu patula " we need not be greatly disturbed by the unqualified assertion that German and Italian pronunciation of Latin is altogether " right." The English form *Seezer* is bad enough, for *Cæsar*; but *Tsehzar* or *Chehzar* is hardly better. If anything is assured in philology, it is certain that neither Germans nor Italians speak Latin quite after the manner of Horace and Cicero. Undoubtedly our pronunciation of Latin is very vicious : and Oxford is much to blame for her example. It is not uncommon to meet graduates who are wonderfully ignorant of the principles of the ancient pronunciation, and of the methods by which these principles can be ascertained. Public school Latin grates unpleasantly on the ears of those who are accustomed to the more correct and refined forms, and is practically unintelligible on the Continent. It is remarkable that the English friends of the classic languages fail to see how they weaken their case by a barbarous and vitiated system of phonetics, which robs spoken Latin and Greek of all their music and nearly all their charm.

The idea of a special edition of Maupassant's stories for the use of young people is likely to cause a shudder for more reasons than one. Such attempts are not often a success, and we have a particularly lively recollection of an edition of Silvio Pellico's " Le mie prigione," expurgated to meet the views of the British schoolmaster. Yet lovers of " the most exact transcriber in literature" may rest assured. The tales are produced in their entirety, and there are enough of them to represent the writer's genius at its best without prejudice to the reverence due to youth.

In celebration of Shakespeare's birthday the German Shakespeare Society gave in the Court Theatre of Weimar a performance of *King Richard II.* in strict accordance with Shakespeare's stage directions. The neutral scenes, or those that pass in an undefined place, were given before the curtain, while the principal scenes were played on the back part of the stage with all the art and mechanism at the command of modern times. It was curious and interesting, but it cannot be said that much was gained.

While scant attention is paid in our universities and schools to German literature, it is worth while noting what a large part is filled by English literature in the lectures announced for the summer term in the universities of Germany. Among the subjects are Byron and his times (which will be treated both at Berlin and at Bonn) ; Charles Dickens ; the Brownings ; the Victorian age of English Literature ; English Literature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ; and English elements in German Literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

On Friday, April 14, Russia lost one of her best men of science. On that day Otto Vassilievitch Struve died. He was born in 1819. His father, Vassili Yakovlevitch Struve, was the founder of the Pulkov observatory and Otto Vassilievitch succeeded to the position of Director of the Observatory in 1862. One of his favourite occupations was the measurement of stars, a study in which his father stood first amongst his contemporaries. For his exceptional and brilliant work he was awarded the gold medal of the London Royal Astronomical Society, an award which is made but once a year. Up to his last days he devoted himself to science, remaining in constant touch with his

sons—the Director of the Berlin Observatory, G. O. Struve, and the Professor of Astronomy in the Imperial Karkhoff University, L. O. Struve, and many other astronomers. He was eighty-six years of age at his death.

The following are the Lecture Arrangements at the Royal Institution, after Easter: Professor L. C. Miall, Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I., Three Lectures on the Study of Extinct Animals: the Rev. H. G. Woods (Master of the Temple), Three Lectures on Velazquez; Professor Sir James Dewar, Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, R.I., Three Lectures on Flame; Professor J. A. Fleming, Three Lectures on Electromagnetic Waves (The Tyndall Lectures); Professor H. Marshall Ward, Two Lectures on Moulds and Mouldiness; Dr. J. G. Frazer, Two Lectures on The Evolution of the Kingship in Early Society; and Mr. A. H. Savage Landor, Two Lectures on Exploration in the Philippines. The Friday Evening Meetings will be resumed on May 5, when a Discourse will be delivered by Professor H. E. Armstrong, on Problems underlying Nutrition. Succeeding Discourses will probably be given by Professor E. Fox Nicholls, Sir Charles Eliot, K.C.M.G., Professor J. W. Bruhl, Mr. George Henschel, and Sir William H. White.

Mr. Martin J. Blake is engaged in compiling the second volume of the "Blake Family Record," which will contain a Calendar of Documents, relating to the family during the seventeenth century, in continuation of the first volume, which contained those concerning the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The work will contain some interesting facts concerning the "plantation" of the Province of Connaught with English settlers in 1635, and concerning the fourteen ancient "tribes" of Galway. It will be illustrated by facsimiles of documents, coats of arms, pedigrees, ancient seals, &c., and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

LITERATURE

PIERRE LOTI'S NEW BOOK

La Troisième Jeunesse de Madame Prune. By PIERRE LOTI.
(Paris: Calmann Levi.)

We must accept from every artist what he has to give; it is as useless as ungracious to exact powers which are not his. Commandant Loti stands without a rival as a landscape etcher in words: he tells what he sees with such clearness that we feel as though we too had seen it, and few travels are so easy and so effortless as those we make through the medium of his pages. And yet his books always leave us unutterably sad: the most hardened novel-reader sheds tears over the charming volume now in our hands, albeit it tells of no weariness or trouble and is merely a sea log:

" où j'ai voulu seulement noter quelques-unes des choses qui nous ont amusés. . . . Ce n'est qu'un long bâtimençage, écrit au jour le jour, il y a trois ans bientôt, alors que les Japonais n'avaient pas commencé d'arroser de leur sang les plaines de la Mandchourie."

After an absence of fifteen years, M. Loti, in command of the ironclad *Redoutable*, revisits Nagasaki and notes his new or his revived impressions, drawing a more sympathetic picture than he etched eighteen years ago in *Madame Chrysanthème*. But now, as then, his appreciation of Japan is purely external: he sees the landscape and the changes brought about by iron, steam and coal; but he does not even ask himself whether there is a corresponding development in the spirit of the people. The town now is sharply divided between old and new, old Nagasaki and its suburbs:

" resté immuable . . . mais, dans la concession européenne, et partout sur les quais nouveaux, que de bâtimençages modernes, en style de n'importe où! Que d'ateliers fumants, de magasins et de cabarets!"

" Et puis, où sont donc ces belles grandes jonques, à membrure

d'oiseau, qui avaient la grâce des cygnes? La baie de Nagasaki jadis en était peuplée; majestueuses, avec leur coupe de trirème, souples, légères, on les voyait aller et venir par tous les vents; des petits athlètes jaunes, nus comme des antiques, manœuvraient lestement leurs voiles à mille plis, et elles glissaient en silence parmi les verdures des rives. Il en reste bien encore quelques-unes, mais caduques, déjetées, et que l'on dirait perdues aujourd'hui dans la foule des affreux batelets en fer, remorqueurs, chalands, vedettes, pareils à ceux du Havre ou de Portsmouth. Et voici de lourds cuirassés, des 'destroyers' difformes, qui sont peints en ce gris sale cher aux escadres modernes, et sur lesquels flotte le pavillon japonais, blanc orné d'un soleil rouge.

" Le long de la mer, quel massacre! Ce manteau de verdure, qui jadis descendait jusqu'à dans l'eau, qui recouvravait les roches même les plus abruptes, et donnait à cette baie profonde au charme d'Eden, les hommes l'ont tout déchiqueté par le bas; leur travail de malfaiseurs fourmis se révèle partout sur les bords; ils ont entaillé, coupé, gratté, pour établir une sorte de chemin de ronde, que bordent aujourd'hui des usines et de noirs dépôts de charbon.

" Et très loin, très haut sur la montagne, qu'est-ce donc qui persiste de blanc, après que la neige est fondue? Ah! des lettres—japonaises, il est vrai—des lettres blanches, longues de dix mètres pour le moins, formant des mots qui se lisent d'une lieue: un système d'affichage américain; une réclamation pour des produits alimentaires!"

It is characteristic that having noted all this M. Loti does not appear to think about it. If he wonders how these changes affect the mentality of the Japanese he excludes such inartistic reflections from his diary. Not this book alone, but all his books reveal him more insular than the most insular of Britons: the Japanese are to him little grimacing monkeys, little cats who talk, and he does not trouble himself as to what may be germinating in "leur petite cervelle jaune." To the ladies he is more kind, though scarcely less contemptuous; but, after all, what impression of English womankind now would be formed by a Japanese naval officer stationed, let us say, at Dartmouth? His acquaintance would probably be much in the class of M. Loti's fair friends at Nagasaki—the little dancer Pluie d'Avrile, "moitié poupée et moitié chat," "Madame Renoncule ma belle-mère," and Madame Prune, in whose house was the home of Madame Chrysanthème. The fifteen years that have passed meanwhile have wrought little change in Madame Prune; she is still graceful and sentimental with an incomparable fall of the shoulders, she still inhabits that same house in the hillside suburb of Dioudjendji, though she is now a widow, and we are told that "tel à été son trouble de me revoir, qu'il ne m'est plus possible de mettre en doute la persistance de son sentiment pour moi." Time, says M. Loti, has robbed her of few of her attractions, and yet it is evident that, despite her persistent sentiment, she was now powerless to attract him: as a link with the past she affords a title for his book, but the rôle she plays in it is insignificant and faded: Nagasaki under "un soleil d'arrière-automne, chaud sans excès, lumineux comme avec nostalgie;" Nagasaki under snow, the sky lowering and leaden; Nagasaki at the end of March with its gay and warm spring days, is M. Loti's real subject, and the human interest is as unimportant as the "letterpress" of an illustrated magazine. But even in this light undercurrent Madame Prune is unimportant, and the honours are divided between that enchanting little child-dancer, Pluie d'Avrile, and Inamoto, the young daughter of a bonze:

" petite sœur de passage pour qui l'on garde, quelque temps après le départ, une pensée douce, et puis, que l'on oublie. . . . Est-ce elle que je regretterai, ou sa montagne, ou encore le vieux mur gris, protecteur de nos rendez-vous? Vraiment je ne sais plus, tant sa gentille personnalité est pour moi amalgamée aux ambiances."

And M. Loti was the most attentive of brothers, if his printed word is to be believed! Day after day he climbed the hill behind the town and scaled the garden wall to meet "au cœur même de la haute nécropole, dans une sorte de bocage enclos, environné d'un peuple de tombes," this little sister, with her pure frank eyes and candid brow. Inamoto in her first youth, not Madame Prune in her third, is the muse for whose sake Japan in 1901 was so much more sympathetic to Commandant Loti than had been Japan in 1886. And yet—alas! for the double inconstancy of the sailor and the man of letters—on the very day of his adieu with his eyes still wet with the tears of an eternal parting—a parting told in such touching language that our emotion leaps to his—he writes:

"Pourtant, je l'oublierai dans quelques jours, c'est certain. Quant à ces capillaires que j'ai prises, par quelque rappel instinctif de mes manières d'autrefois, il m'arrivera bientôt de ne plus savoir d'où elles viennent, et alors je les jetterai—comme tant d'autres pauvres fleurs, cueillies de même, dans différents coins du monde, jadis, à des heures de départ, avec l'illusion de jeunesse que j'y tiendrais jusqu'à la fin."

The friendship with Inamoto had been "en tout bien et tout honneur": she had nothing in common with the other Japanese ladies of his acquaintance (it is noticeable that the flower-sellers, monkey-dealers, bric-à-brac shopkeepers who cross these pages are all of the gentler sex), yet, you observe, he narrates the episode entirely from one point of view. She, the poor child, who met him daily, clandestinely, in the weedy garden, she is considered only as the pastime to while away a year of exile and then to be forgotten in a day. Perhaps this is the root of the profound melancholy of M. Loti's writings: he is never enthusiastic, never indignant, never in earnest, never convinced; his disillusionment is as complete as the disillusionment of the writer of Ecclesiastes; nothing is evil, nothing is good: all is seen from the outside and with the large tolerance of complete indifference; life affords to him a series of dissolving views, of impressions each to be effaced by its successor, each exquisitely seen, appreciated, noted, but by a seer for whom Life has no plan, and for whom its aimless beauties have lost all interest.

M. Loti has only reached middle-age, but surely in the France of to-day he is already an anachronism. His preoccupation is with Style, that dethroned goddess whom the young earnest generation of Frenchmen neglect for ideas and ideals, for facts and tendencies and morals and research. An English literary journal comments on the fact that twenty-nine editions of "*Madame Prune*" were exhausted within two days of publication: "a similar success by a stylist in England would be impossible." The reproach implied is aimed at England, but we doubt if it hits the mark; for who are the buyers of Pierre Loti's latest novel? His is an art that appeals to the cultured minority of Cosmopolis far more than to his compatriots. Very easy to read, making use of a vocabulary that can be understood by the most indifferent French scholars; master of a style so pure and simple that it can be enjoyed and even appreciated by thousands who are unable to form a judgment on the majority of French writers, Pierre Loti is to the beginner in French what Heine is to the learner of German—the writer who flatters us with the illusion that we are as much at home in his language as in our own. And then, unlike many popular French writers, his theme is as interesting to a foreigner as to his compatriots: there is nothing peculiarly French in his subjects or in their treatment, for, indeed, M. Loti is a seer and not a reasoner; nothing escapes his eye and he finds always the word that best describes the cloud, the flower, the weather he has seen, but of the inner meaning of what he sees he gives no hint. Is it that those clear-sighted eyes of his are not allied to any power of deduction; or does he deliberately exclude thought as an inartistic element, destructive of the artistic beauty of his prose?

MR. PAUL'S "MODERN ENGLAND"

A History of Modern England. By HERBERT PAUL. In five Volumes. Vol. III. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

THE third volume of Mr. Paul's "*History of Modern England*" receives the prompt welcome it deserves; a welcome, too, which declares the critics to be all of one mind. Rarely is there so much agreement as to the merits and shortcomings of a book, or so much accordance of respect for what is not considered perfect. But then perfect it could not be, even in the conventional use of the word. This is the third of the five volumes which are to comprise a critical record of a few decades of our history ending on the borders of to-day. As Mr. Paul advances to the close of the last century two disadvantages increase upon him.

For one thing, he enters upon events, mutations, policies, the end of which is not yet, or of which the origin, conduct and effects are still rather crudely disputable. Judgment of them is still subject to undetermined consequence, or there has not been time yet for the sort of illumination which memoir-writers slowly deliver. For another thing, the farther an historian of modern times advances into his own day, the more likely is he to be affected temperamentally by the conflict of passion and opinion, or (if he shared such conflicts and lived in one party or another) to feel himself under certain obligations of restraint. The mere consciousness of innate and exercised predilections, possibly still at work at the bottom of his mind, is enough to impose restraint upon likes and dislikes both, and to do so beyond the requirements of justice. This we know from the nature of men and things, and that it still remains true when the man is most capable, honest and bold, and when the events, the policies, the personages he would appraise, are not particularly dark.

Mr. Paul is of the order of minds described in the preceding sentence, but his good qualities relieve him of neither of the disadvantages we have mentioned. His third volume deals with the years 1865-76, itself a very eventful period and the breeding-time of changes and distractions which have been developing ever since: itself, too, a time of vigorous contention soon to become furious, and remarkable for a large importation of feeling into a great number of affairs. Mr. Paul, we may presume, took no very active part in politics till after 1876. But he was always a student of politics, it was in the years immediately preceding 1876 that his political opinions were forming, and the contentions of those years were his immediate retrospect when his political activities did begin. From this point, then, one of his disadvantages as modern historian—though not, of course, peculiar to him or to men of his way of thinking—becomes more operative; and it is closely connected with the other. For although thirty years have passed since the political disruption and confusion of the earlier seventies, much of the behind-the-scenes work of that time remains uncertain. In many cases it is too soon for the rendering up of official papers or confidential letters. The diarists and memoir-writers either put off publication for reasons always respectable, or else confess to reticences and suppressions similarly accounted for: meanwhile the whole course of party and political affairs is interpreted from opposite sides of the shield. It is not for the ACADEMY to attempt a decision upon these differences or even to suggest a preferential opinion. All we have to say is that whereas the period embraced in Mr. Paul's third volume was alive with the stir of change, dissolution, reconstruction not all complete yet, the time for treating it in the right historical manner has not come. Too much has to be viewed with the eyes of faith; too much has to be determined by inference, biased or unbiased.

So it is that most of Mr. Paul's critics have to say of his third volume that it should be described as journalistic rather than historical. That is a just description, and yet not just to him unless we add that the wisest and best-equipped of them—of his critics, we mean—could have made nothing else of it. In other hands, Radical or Conservative, it might have been a better or a worse book, but it would still have been rather journalistic than historical; a point which is settled (as we think) by so much undetermined policy and event. Of course, Mr. Paul is quite aware of all this, and we might even say that acknowledgment of it is to be found in his method of composition. His chapters or groups of chapters strongly resemble the review of affairs which the newspapers used to print on the first day of each year, at greater length and perhaps more studiously than they do now. These summaries were always carefully done; they wanted not for as much of the historical spirit as could be imported into them, and they were often models of good writing. So far the likeness holds, and it is carried farther by the fact that, were any one of these articles cut from the journal it was written

for, no one could mistake its origin in Radicalism or Conservatism. Mr. Paul will not resent that statement. And of course there is this great difference in his favour. The survey of the annual summary writer is confined to controversies and events in the heat of their happening and extends over the narrow space of a single year; what developments the next year may show or what light it will bring may be guessed at but is unknown. Mr. Paul's case is very different, of course. In this third volume of his, for example, he takes a group of ten years from a time comparatively remote and to a great degree dispassioned; which of itself puts the commentator at an advantage, even though he cannot escape journalism altogether. But this is not all. His survey of that ten years is carried over and across a later period of twenty more, with all the benefit of what light they afford him. For the reasons we have suggested it is not enough for historical work, but neither is it inconsiderable.

What we would say of the book in detail hardly needs saying, so much is it in agreement with what has been said at length and at large already. We, too, are in wonder at the (relative) importance given to the ecclesiastical squabbles of thirty years since; and to this succeeds another surprise—that so much less space is given to science and scientific inquiry, a subject of dominating and ever-refreshed interest from the sixties onward. And we assent to all the commendation that has been given to the spirit in which the book is written, and again to its merits as a piece of writing; carrying away from it many such sentences as that in which Mr. Paul speaks of "the immoral leniency which public men practise towards each other at the public expense." It is a striking and useful saying as well as epigrammatic. With certain characterisations we cannot agree—disagreement resting not upon political grounds, but such as may perhaps be called psychological. Here, however, Mr. Paul has every right to his own opinions, which at all points command attention and respectful consideration.

JÖRN UHL

Jörn Uhl. By GUSTAV FRENSEN. Translated by F. S. DELMER. (Constable, 6s.)

At the end of the book the hero is discussing with a friend, an author, whether the story of his life would be worth the telling. The man of letters replies :

"Your life, Jörn Uhl, has been no commonplace one. Your youth was still and quiet, decked out with all sorts of fantastic pictures. As you grew up you were lonely, and in your loneliness, without any one's help, you struggled manfully with Life's enigmas, and although you only managed to solve a few of them, the trouble was not in vain. You went away to fight for the land that lies around these water-rills of ours, you grew hard in fire and frost, and made progress in the most important thing of all in life, you learned to distinguish the value of things. You learned what woman's love was in all its intensity, and that is the second highest that Life can give us. You laid Lena Tarn in her grave, and your father and brothers, and you looked human misery in the face and learned humility. You fought against a hard and hostile fate without succumbing, and won your way through at last, although you had to wait many a day for help."

Jörn Uhl is a peasant belonging to the numerous family of the Uhs in Dittmarsch who through dissolute and extravagant lives had squandered what their ancestors had accumulated by hard, self-sacrificing toil. Jörn tried in vain to keep off ruin. At last, poor as a church mouse, he left his home which had been burnt down, and deeply grieved by the death of his young wife in child-bed, took refuge on the poor estate of his maternal uncle, Thiess Thiessen, one of the most delightful characters in the book, and there began life afresh. In the end he comes out victorious, "life, after all, is long enough to make one's self into something, if one only has faith enough and a sturdy will." Courage to meet one's fate, courage to bear one's lot, is the lesson taught in this book. Frensen knows that in the lives of most of us there are no romantic episodes, no opportunity for deeds of heroism. We may

once or twice be moved by some great emotional experience, pleasurable or sad, but as a rule the trivial round prevails. Very often too the little things are harder to endure and overcome than the big things. We brace ourselves to meet great crises, they put us on our mettle; if we are victorious the fight has been worth while, if we suffer defeat there is often grace in submission. But it is the small worries and annoyances that eat the heart and sap the courage and endurance. Jörn Uhl saw things as they were, and won his way to freedom and as much happiness as a man can hope to have. He proved in his own life that all the labour and trouble people go through are not gone through in vain.

Such in brief is the substance of the book that has so deeply touched the heart of contemporary Germany. There is nothing in it of a sensational character, no extraordinary events, no marvellous chain of circumstances, no grandly depicted events or situations. It is only the simple tale of a simple life. And yet within a year of its publication (February 1902) 120,000 copies had been sold. Nothing like such a success had been known since the time of Ebers's early novels (1864-79) when 20,000 copies sold within a few days of publication.

Gustav Frensen, who thus awoke one morning and found himself famous, is the son of a village carpenter, and was born at Barlt in Schleswig-Holstein. He grew up beside the encroaching, all-devouring sea, on the barren land at which men toil painfully for small results. He attended school at Meldorf and at Husum, the birthplace of Theodor Storm, the poet of Schleswig, and it is said that Frensen occupied the very room in which that author wrote his tales and poems. He studied theology at the universities of Tübingen, Kiel, and Berlin, and then was appointed to a pastorate at Hemme. There he wrote two novels, "Die Sandgräfin," in some ways the most artistic of his works, and "Die drei Getrewen," but they attracted little if any attention until after the success of "Jörn Uhl." Last year Frensen gave up his pastorate—his heart had never been deep in the work—bought a small estate in his native district, and has there settled down to write.

"Jörn Uhl" is a soul-history of the type of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and Keller's "Der Grüne Heinrich," but it lacks their form: it has no artistic superstructure, no artistic rounding off of the whole. It is as if the author mounted a saddleless horse, threw the bridle over its neck and jogged along up hill and down dale, looking to right and left and taking heed of all he found on the way. And just when we are perhaps growing a little weary, and finding our author almost too discursive we come upon a splendid passage like that of the battle of Gravelotte. It is only a picture of one corner of the fight, just what Jörn Uhl, non-commissioned officer in the Holstein Artillery, experienced. In short sentences, filling about ten pages, we have the most perfect example of artistic impressionism we remember to have read in any work of modern times. Here is in brief what those pages tell us :

"The battery advances under fire; the guns are unlimbered. The shells fly, men and horses are laid low. Only a few of the private soldiers remain standing, and they work with perspiring faces. No more shells! Infantry fire from the left. 'Grapeshot! Four hundred paces,' sounds the word of command. 'In vain! They must retreat in order to gain new strength, and fetch up other horses and guns. Then it goes on as before. Gradually it becomes stiller; evening begins to descend upon the woods, the groans of the wounded are audible, and the survivors begin to think of themselves and of those dying around them."

That is all, and yet we read those ten pages with breathless emotion. Sometimes we are arrested by a piece of true philosophy, of acute criticism of life. When has true marriage been better described than in Jörn's observations :

"You see both of us know who it is we are marrying, and that neither of us is a saint. And each of us intends to let the other follow his own bent and go his own way. That's why so many marriages turn out failures, because the one wants to compel the other to think and act exactly in the same way as himself. I, on the contrary, think that each should try and bring out the other's characteristics—of course,

within the limits of common sense—so that each may have a full, rounded individuality in his helpmate. What nonsense people talk about man and wife being like the oak and the ivy, cup and saucer, and such like! No! Let them stand side by side, like a couple of good trees of the same stock, only that the husband has to take the windward side. That's all."

We must resist the temptation to quote further, or to tell something of the old uncle, Thiess Thiessen; of Fiete Krei, the lively young broom-maker; of the faithful serving maid, Wiete Penn; of stately Lena Tarn, Jörn's first wife; of dainty Lisbeth whom he married later and whose delicious simplicity and goodness pervade the book; or of Jörn's sister Elsbe in whom the hot blood of the Uhls gains the mastery; or of the lonely Sand-lass who struggles with her fate and conquers; or of the part played by external nature of which Frenssen paints so many fine pictures in the course of his narrative.

A book of this character, so sincere in its aims, so true-hearted and simple, so impregnated with the breath of the salt sea and of the pine-woods, should find as many readers and admirers here as in the land of its birth. The excellence of the translation, too, will do much to make the book acceptable. Acquainted with the original as we have been since its first appearance, we must heartily congratulate Mr. Delmer on the manner in which he has overcome the difficulties of his task. The book could not have been rendered into better English.

ART IN THE GARDEN

Garden Colour. By MARGARET WATERFIELD. (Dent: 21s. net.) THIS extremely pretty volume is a notable addition to garden literature. Miss Waterfield shows in colour some of the more thoughtful and refined aspects of gardening, such as have already, for a number of years, been advocated in print by our foremost artist-gardeners.

In the Preface, Miss Waterfield says:

"Various modern garden writers have, with much knowledge and skill, already laid stress on the importance of colour-effect in our gardens—suggestions which many have been able to adopt; but there are those to whom these word-pictures convey but little help owing to their limited knowledge of flowers and the effect produced by them."

It is this important lesson, of the right use of either one good plant at a time, or of some simple but effective grouping of two or three kinds of plants, that the pictures, with few exceptions, are intended to teach, and there can be but little doubt that they will show, even more clearly and helpfully than written words alone, what important aspects of garden-beauty may be produced by such simple means.

Many of the pictures show good examples of what is now well known as wild gardening—the most difficult gardening of all to do rightly, except to an artist; and, when rightly done, perhaps of all the most satisfying.

Where, as in the case of perhaps nine gardens out of ten, no such plain, clearly-intended, beautiful effects are to be seen, the reason is sure to be that there are too many kinds of plants jumbled together. They are museums of specimens, not gardens for beauty and delight. Still, we must not quarrel with their owners for admiring the flowers as individuals rather than for the consideration of their best use for garden adornment.

Miss Waterfield modestly describes her flower-pictures as "sketches," and sketches in fact they are; for they only attempt to show the general appearance of the groups as to form and colour. In many cases one could wish that they had been carried a little further, as in the case of "Giant Parsnip" (p. 82) (the name of which, by the way, should be Giant Cow-Parsnip). Here the grand foliage might well have been made more of, and, for a plant, the normal height of which is eight to ten feet, the stems look stunted and some dignity and grace are lost; also in "Oriental Poppy" (after p. 78) the foliage, of some importance in Nature, is not even indicated. In both these cases the drawing of the foliage might well have been carried further without any loss of breadth. On the

other hand, in "Valerian" (p. 80), a sketch of charming colour throughout, the very slightness of execution is more than excusable, because the whole pyramid of bloom, composed as it is of an innumerable number of tiny flowers, is impossible to treat in detail.

Among the sketches deserving special praise are: "Snowdrops" (p. 18); "Cyclamen Coum" (p. 20); "Anenome blanda" (p. 26); "Blue-bell and Pheasant-eye" (after p. 48); all capital examples of wild gardening: in the last-named especially, the addition of the white Narcissus being a very clever invention. Others of the best pictures are "Magnolia conspicua" (p. 40); "May Tulips" (p. 48); "Iris orientalis," &c. (after p. 76); "Tree Lupine," &c. (p. 78); "Water-lilies" (after p. 108), true and charming; "Border of Annuals" (p. 112); a good reminder of the worthy use of these grand flowers, and especially of the noble port of the newer tall Snapdragons.

Perhaps the general slightness of treatment is the best present expression of the artist's powers, though one who begins so well will doubtless go further; for it is noticeable that in the few drawings where more elaboration is attempted, as in "Iris and Roses" (p. 76), the picture suffers from a blackness in the shadows. Some are also evidently inadequately rendered by the colour process, whose perfection of mechanism has no doubt not reached finality. Thus, in "Iris reticulata" (p. 24), and in "Japanese Iris" (p. 110), the purity of the purples is lost. In "Daffodils, &c." (p. 30), the red block shows up too much, as does the yellow block in "Delphinium, &c." (p. 92), "Yucca" (p. 120), and "Hollyhock" (p. 122).

Whether picture or process is in fault in one or two other instances, cannot be determined from the book alone, but the colour is not rightly rendered in "Crown Imperial" (p. 10), where a commonplace red does duty for the characteristic mahogany-like tint of the flower. In "Tree Peony" (p. 50) there is also a red of untrue quality. In "Pyrus japonica" (p. 36) there is an intrusively unbeautiful object, like a tall brown post, which neither explains itself nor justifies its presence by any need or advantage to the picture. There is something pretty as a picture about "Tropaeolum speciosum" (after p. 120), but it is not true either as a portrait of the plant or of its effect in the garden. "Michaelmas Daisies" (p. 130) is pleasant in colour, but is spoilt by the misfitting of the blocks, as is also "Sweet Rocket" (p. 74).

The letterpress is suitably instructive and suggestive; each of the four seasons has an introductory chapter, by Mrs. Earle, E. V. B., Miss Rose Kingsley and the Hon. Vicary Gibbs respectively; but Miss Waterfield's own notes and those of others are by no means the least informing and encouraging.

With the honourable exception of the last chapter, the book shows the usual well-grown crop of ill-spelt botanical names. In the inevitable "Thumbergi" one recognises the familiar impression of the printer's black digit; but such bungles as "Coleus Thersoidens" for Coleus thyrsoideus; "Mittallia," a name unknown to botany; "Aster Punisius Pulclerrimus"; "Penstemon"; "Crocus purpurea grandiflora," to take a few, from pages opened at random, can hardly pass without challenge.

Still, one bears in mind that it is not a botanist's book, but the book of an artist, and its own lesson, the simple and beautiful grouping of flowers for colour effect, is taught in a way that should open many hitherto blind eyes to new visions of garden beauty.

G. J.

THE GREATNESS OF CONSTANTINE

Constantine the Great: the Reorganisation of the Empire and the Triumph of the Church. By J. B. FIRTH. (Putnam, "Heroes of the Nations" Series, 5s.)

MODERN historians form a court of appeal which is continually modifying and reversing the verdicts of the earlier assessors, who meted out rough justice without a very

subtle appreciation of character. At the higher or at least the later tribunal such modern inventions as the spirit of the age, the stream of tendency, the web of circumstance, are taken into account, whereas contemporary critics judged their man on the strength of his answer to that question—"What ha' ye done?"—which left Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson speechless. The modern method is in its essence more critical, and if the writer of to-day seems apt to play valet to the heroes of the nations, he is also contributing evidence whereby a supreme court of judicature in the historian's utopia shall, some day, in the light of its omniscience, pass judgments from which there is no appeal.

In the meantime good work is being done in many periods by writers who refused to be hypnotised by conventional epithets, and not least in that period when the brooding East

"let the legions thunder past
And plunged in thought again."

Mr. Firth, for instance, starts with no assumptions because his subject has had greatness thrust upon him. Constantine "the great" must be weighed in the balance with those whose names have escaped, unqualified, from oblivion, and if it is found that his greatness consisted largely in swimming with the tide of circumstance, his title must be boldly found wanting. The task is a formidable one, for it is impossible to deny that contemporary judges had little of that impartiality which tradition associates with the bench. Lactantius was doubtless a good Christian, but his history suffers from the same handicap as would, let us say, prejudice the success of a life of Wyclif by Dr. Clifford; while the statements of Eusebius are obviously coloured by the difficulties which must beset the path of those who would reconcile the historical with the episcopal point of view. The suspicion which attaches to these and other original authorities increases the difficulty of weighing the evidence and of arriving at any conclusions which approximate to truth. This difficulty mainly concerns itself with the causes and tendencies of the time: the outlines of Constantine's life are not in dispute. He was certainly born to greatness; how far he entered into his heritage is more open to dispute. The claim of his predecessor in the purple to the title which has been attached to Constantine's name is undeniable; Diocletian was a great statesman, and the greatest crime of his reign, the persecution of Christianity, was committed in the interests of the State. He crucified martyrs, not for the good of their souls (that hypocrisy is a later development of *odium theologicum*) but because he believed their faith to be a superstition which was undermining the foundations of the State. By this belief we know that he showed himself deficient in the rarest and supreme wisdom of statesmen; but it is impossible to question his motives. His successor reversed his policy from the same motives, and with greater foresight. Constantine was nothing if not practical; and it is difficult not to conclude that it was the material rewards offered by the teachers of Christianity that had the largest share in inducing him to accept the new faith. *In hoc signo vinces* was the dominant thought. He embraced Christianity in belief that the God of the Christians would give him and his Empire "life more lasting, rule more high," and like Mycerinus he lived to learn that the rewards of religion are not material.

The edict of Milan, which formed the firstfruits of Christianity because it marked the birth of the conception of religious toleration, is a psychological as well as a historical document. In many ways it is extraordinarily modern, and from whatever point of view we regard it, the light which it throws on the character of Constantine is very clear. The toleration which it preaches is certainly a new conception in history: Plato himself knew no such liberty. The essence of the principle is that if Christianity is to be tolerated and accepted as the State religion, this does not affect the truth of other religions. Constantine's conception of religious toleration was a phase of the idea, which

anthropologists know well, that all gods, good and bad, and even those whose existence is problematic, should be propitiated. It is a haphazard creed, and essentially a materialistic one. Constantine's creed is in fact only a cruder conception of the doctrine of a modern philosopher that all religions are equally true and equally false. The conception, of course, is foreign to Christian thought; and the delight of contemporary Christians at an Emperor's recognition of their creed caused them to overlook, if indeed they perceived, the qualifications of that recognition. To accept Christianity implies, in the sight of those who do so, the absolute rejection of paganism. No religion yet known to history is compatible with toleration of other religions: a churchman may tolerate a dissenter but not a Confucian. Constantine's inability to recognise this explains much in his career, and not least his death-bed baptism; for we refuse to accept the theory which accounts for his postponement of the rite by his wish that the forgiveness thereby promised by the bishops who lived at his court should include his whole life in its scope. In spite of these qualifications in his acceptance, the fact remains that Constantine was a Christian and an Emperor; and in this fact lies his principal claim to greatness, and to a place among the heroes of the nations. His work lived after him in the temporal power of Christianity. He had, of course, other claims to greatness, and in the central fact of his acceptance of the new faith we are apt to forget his success in war and politics. Unfortunately we know nothing of his early life: for us he is born, like Athena, in helmet and breastplate: but from his manhood onwards we can trace the steps by which he made himself sole master of the ancient world. The steps, like those of others who have attained the same goal, are marked with blood and crime; but war for its own sake or for the sake of mere aggrandisement was foreign to his nature. It is to his credit that, with all the temptation to do so, he never plunged the Empire into those religious wars which devastated Europe centuries later. If he had done so, would the unifying power of war have given fresh life to the old religion and marshalled its forces against Christianity? It is an interesting speculation, especially as it is difficult to resist the thought that if Constantine had been a more vigorous type of Christian he might well have provided the answer.

Turning to Constantine's third claim to greatness, we are on surer ground. Constantinople is not now the queen of cities, though Napoleon was not far wrong when he exclaimed: "It is the empire of the world!" The piercing of the Suez Canal has had momentous effect here as elsewhere, but the problems of the Middle East remain to prove that the city of Constantine is not yet, nor will be for many centuries, as Nineveh and Tyre. "Fools build houses," said a genial friend to R. S. Hawker when he was building his vicarage, "and wise men live in them." "Yes," replied Hawker, "and wise men make proverbs and fools quote them." The moral of this may be seen without quoting a proverb to prove it. The passion for bricks and mortar is a mere human weakness, but history shows that it is given to few men to build a city which shall endure for ages.

Mr. Firth traces the three phases of Constantine's career with admirable impartiality and in a graphic style. With such a subject it is impossible not to be interesting, and almost impossible not to be partial. In the Arian and Donatist controversy his task is made easier by his wise resolve to avoid metaphysical subtleties, agreeing with Huxley that the ashes of cold controversy make an unappetising dish. As to his conclusions, he steers a middle course between the biased panegyrics of the contemporary writers and the obloquy of some moderns; with qualifications he is inclined to agree to the conventional epithet. We will leave the reader to make his choice between Constantine the Great, and Tolstoy's "That scoundrel, Constantine!"

AVE, IMPERATOR!

The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Translated by GEORGE LONG, M.A. (Bell, 2s. net.)

The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Translated by R. GRAVES, M.A. (Methuen, 1s. net.)

THE interest in the philosophic Emperor grows. We have here two new popular editions of that private notebook where in all ages striving souls have found the rough upward path of a self-denying philosophy. It is only within recent years that the *Meditations* have secured a world-wide audience. Mr. Andrew Lang in his life of the Earl of Iddesleigh, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote, has pointed out that though Lord Iddesleigh was "probably one of the last English statesmen who knew the literature of Greece widely and well" he had never read Marcus Aurelius either in a translation or in the original crabbed and corrupt Greek. Even the omnivorous and omniscient Gibbon does not seem to have had any close acquaintance with the writings of the philosophic Emperor, as he dismisses the *Meditations* in a sentence. The general reader has now excellent and cheap translations of varying merit at his hand without trouble. The translation published at the famous Foulis Press, in Glasgow, in 1742, is an excellent piece of work with a fine old aroma about it. It seems to have been a *vade mecum* with Thomas Carlyle, as the wonderfully apposite motto from Arrian to his "French Revolution" appears to have been taken from a footnote in this notable version. At least we may surmise so. Carlyle was no recondite classical scholar, and it was unlikely he read Arrian in the original. "Stay, mortal! be not rash. The combat is great. The attempt god-like. It is for sovereignty: for liberty; for a current of life ever gentle, clear and unruffled." As he follows this up with a quotation from Antoninus in Greek also, the probability of his inspiration becomes almost a certainty. Jeremy Collier's translation, which Lord Avebury selected for his best hundred books, styled by Long as "coarse and vulgar," has in recent years been revised and corrected by Miss Alice Zimmern. The antiquated seventeenth-century translation by Meric Casaubon is unknown to us. The volume, which is now being issued in good style at a nominal price by Messrs. Methuen, has an introduction by Mr. Sidney Lee, and is a version of some merit by Richard Graves, first published in 1792. Long's painstaking and scholarly rendering, in our opinion, holds the field for its many undoubted qualities, and added to it by way of appendix is Matthew Arnold's essay on Marcus—a fine piece of summing up. Those to whom this famous classic is unknown, or who wish to refresh their minds by re-reading the Roman Emperor's priceless fragment will be glad to possess themselves of both these versions.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

Scotland's Battles for Spiritual Independence. By HECTOR MAC-PHERSON. (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE vaunted spiritual independence of Scotland has been so recently trailed through the mire of acrimonious litigation that one begins to believe it a dream—a devout imagination after all. This popular historic sketch of the claim of the Church has been hurriedly though not carelessly written to answer many questions raised by the man in the street. Mr. Macpherson holds a brief for those who contend for the autonomous government of the Kirk—a spiritual imperium or divine rule within the temporal state. Possibly he is strictly right in claiming that the Church was never actually or intentionally established and that it merely from time to time prevailed on the State to confirm its decisions and approve of its Confession of Faith. The Church of Scotland is really the freest of the churches. Its church courts have long been recognised as final in all matters strictly ecclesiastical and its right to meet in General Assembly without royal sanction is as nearly con-

ceded as can be expected. A free untrammelled General Assembly has been for nearly four hundred years the one demand of the Scottish people. In England men concerned themselves about a free Parliament and strove to sit in it, but the General Assembly with its large quota of lay elders was the popular mouthpiece of the nation. The Estates of the realm were a close junta called together to register the proposals of the King and Privy Council, but the General Assembly, a democratic debating and yet judicial body, has always been the national ideal of the people. It gave scope for the well-known intensity of the Scots and was the oratorical safety-valve of the nation. This book may be regarded as one of the results of the deeply regrettable ecclesiastical *impasse* which has raised such a turmoil of rancorous legal vendetta. Lord Elgin's able and sage report, just published, will, we hope, make for righteousness and provide fair and equitable adjustment of this insane disruption, this outbreak of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. The appeal to Parliament—to Caesar—has surely given a final quietus to the spiritual independence Mr. Macpherson makes so much of. Those religious wranglers may yet learn that spiritual independence is a pious myth and that in every state the royal or supreme power must be undisputed in all causes or over every organisation enjoying the peace and protection of the Government and its laws. What is spiritual independence but an inheritance from the papacy of mediæval times whose claim to supreme power in matters ecclesiastical in every country in Europe, resulted in conflicts between the civil and spiritual authorities, the most notable examples being the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket and the humiliation of the Emperor at Canossa? Needless to say the civil power has won all along the line.

BIRD-CHATTER

Familiar Scottish Birds. By A. NICOL SIMPSON, F.Z.S. (Paisley: A. Gardner, 2s.)

PRETTY printed and nicely bound, "Familiar Scottish Birds" is likely to tempt the casual purchaser; but, after saying that in size and shape it is essentially a "handy book," one is inclined, on looking through it, to add—"handy to throw at a cat." In the first place, such a book is not really needed; for the "Familiar Scottish Birds" are, almost without exception, familiar English birds too; and we cannot find anything of value stated in the book which is not contained in every book upon British birds. Omissions and errors, on the other hand, are numerous; especially in the large respect of means of identification of species, although this is put forward in the preface as one of the author's chief aims.

Of the rook, for instance, no description at all is given; while we are told that the carrion crow "can be readily distinguished from the rook by its black bill." As a matter of fact, the rook also has a black bill; and even if the author means to refer to the pale bare skin at the base of the bill and on the face of the rook, this does not appear till the bird is adult, and therefore you can never tell by its "black bill" that a crow, between the months of July and March inclusive, is not a rook. When there are precise and easy means of distinguishing the two birds, the author should have given these, if he was aware of them, instead of misleading his readers.

The same looseness runs through most of the book. Thus of the long-tailed tit the writer says that it "is extremely local in its distribution, but where it is located, quite a number may be seen day after day." The addition of the word "usually" would make this statement more accurate; because, of course, there are localities where the long-tailed tit occurs regularly, but in such small numbers that it is only occasionally observed. Of the long-eared owl, again, we read: "It loves fir-woods, especially when they are of any extent, but it shuns them otherwise." "Especially" quite destroys the antithesis; but, if the word is removed, the statement remains inaccurate,

because no fir-wood is too small to have its long-eared owls, provided that it is dark and dense.

Often, too, Mr. Nicol Simpson seems to go out of his way to convey false impressions. Of the tree pipit, for instance, he says that "the student will have no great difficulty in locating the bird by its low but sweet ditty as it sings from the lower branch of some willow or broom cove"; whereas, although the tree pipit sometimes sings from the ground and sometimes from the large branch of a tree, that which characterises the bird and causes it to be noticed and admired is its habit of mounting into the air, uttering a loud sweet song, which is still continued as it descends in a graceful spiral, with its legs hanging and its wings almost meeting above its back. This is what all who know the bird remember as its most striking trait, and it is this which most often attracts the attention of those who do not know it. But from "Familiar Scottish Birds" readers would get no hint of the singer's identity.

Similarly with the next bird, the rock pipit, the author lays stress upon the colouring of the tail as a means of identification and describes it as "dusky with the outside feathers webbed in white." Now it so happens that this statement would be true of every other pipit except the rock pipit, which is distinguished from all its congeners by having the whole of the tail brown, not edged with white like theirs. The rock pipit is in fact the only bird of the genus which from Mr. Simpson's description could not be identified as a rock pipit. It would be easy to select other examples of error.

The whole arrangement of the book, moreover, is slipshod. Without cross-references, the classification of birds as "Land Birds," "Birds of Stream and Pond," and "Seaside Birds," cannot be satisfactory; and the author's division is often erratic. The dunlin, for instance, is classed only as a land bird, although by many it is best known as an abundant seaside bird from autumn to spring. The black-headed gull and the ring ouzel, again, are both classed as birds of pond and stream, although the former is familiar as a seaside bird and also as a frequenter of plough-land all through the winter, while the latter is really a bird of moor and fell.

Altogether the contents of this little book are as disappointing as its exterior and its print are inviting; and if a good book on familiar Scottish birds was needed by readers across the border, it has still to be written.

BROAD CHURCH

Dr. Momerie: His Life and Work. By Mrs. MOMERIE. (Blackwood, 12s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who heard Momerie preach must sometimes, if not continually, have been puzzled by certain questions concerning him. What was he, with his opinions, doing in the Church of England? How did he come to enter it in the first instance? What were his reasons for remaining in it? How was it that, having travelled so far towards liberty of thought, he did not travel a little farther, like Mr. Voysey and Mr. Stopford Brooke? The Life is to some extent an attempt to answer these questions. The answers propounded are not quite satisfactory, but there is something in them.

It is certain that Momerie would never have sought Anglican orders at all, if he had held, at the critical hour, the religious opinions imparted to him by his pious parents. It is probable that he would not have sought them if he had then reached the intellectual position which he subsequently attained. By birth and upbringing he was a Dissenter, the only son of a Congregational minister, himself intended for the Congregational ministry. In this way he saw too much of Nonconformity to like it. He found its dogmatic theology narrow, and its practical Puritanism oppressive; and piety does seem to have been trespassing on the domain of absurdity when his desire to enter Edinburgh University instead of a Nonconformist

Theological College brought him a letter from his mother saying: "Dear Papa and I are convinced that we could not, without the utmost peril to your moral, spiritual, and eternal interests, send you to Scotland." A youth of intelligence was bound to revolt against the restrictions of a school of thought which confused the City of Destruction with the capital of Northern Britain. Momerie revolted. He insisted upon going to Edinburgh in spite of his parents, and he afterwards insisted upon going to Cambridge—a place which they also regarded as carnal and corrupt. The revolt, however, was only gradual, and only partial. He retained a good deal of religion, combined with a great desire to preach—provided always that he could preach what he liked. It appeared to him that the Church of England would give him the latitude which the Dissenting Sects denied. There, at all events, he would not be the salaried servant of a congregation, liable to be hauled over the coals by Deacons. "I have now," wrote his father, who had no trouble with his Deacons, on hearing of his decision, "to carry a lifelong burden of bitter disappointment;" but he adhered to his purpose, and Bishop Fraser of Manchester ordained him to a curacy in his diocese. Parish work, however, did not suit him. It is always difficult for a metaphysician to talk with a charwoman about her soul; and Momerie's Christianity was really not much more (or not much less, if any one thinks that a better way to put it) than Hegelianism with a Christian terminology. His pastoral theology, therefore, was as much over the head of the average parishioner as his homiletics were over the head of the average clergyman. If the parishioners did not object, the vicar did. He did what a stupid man can to make things uncomfortable for a clever man. Momerie left him, and, following the line of least resistance, became a University Extension Lecturer, a lecturer on Metaphysics at King's College, London, and a preacher at the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital. He quickly became famous as a preacher who embraced heresy while repudiating schism. Was he justified in so doing? Or was it a case of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds? That is the one great moral question which his career raises.

His own answer to it was clearly given in an address delivered at the Chicago Parliament of Religions. It will be as well to quote it textually:

"In 1865, the clerical subscription was changed. Since then the Church of England, as by law established, have had the most perfect freedom. And they have certainly availed themselves of this freedom. There is not a single doctrine in regard to which the English clergy are agreed. We include within ourselves representatives of every denomination under heaven. The Church of England is broad enough to embrace them all. When I am asked, as I often am, why I do not leave my dear old Church, I reply: First because of the Act of Parliament which was passed for the express purpose of keeping me in; and secondly, because to leave the Church of England would be going out of the frying-pan into the fire; would be leaving a Church which is essentially broad for one that was comparatively, at any rate, narrow."

Dr. Momerie, that is to say, thought he could do more to reform the Church by attacking it from within than from without. Dean Stanley, as we know, was, for the same reasons, of the same opinion. The matter, however, cannot be settled by the appeal to precedent or authority; and the question still remains whether, whatever the amended law about heresy may be, the use of the formulæ which the Church provides is compatible with intellectual honesty in the case of a man holding Momerie's opinions. Those formulæ include creeds; and those creeds contain not only metaphysical propositions which may mean different things to different men, but definite statements of alleged historical fact which mean the same things to all men, and cannot be believed and disbelieved by the same man at the same time. The most that the honest doubter can do is to profess to believe them at the altar and explain that he disbelieves them in the pulpit. Is that a worthy attitude for a reformer? Does it not tend to the perpetuation of formulæ which the Church would be obliged to abolish or modify if all Broad Church clergymen were as intellectually honest as, was, say, the Rev. Leslie Stephen? It would be interesting to know whether Momerie ever faced the ques-

tion in that form. The Life, at any rate, contains no evidence that he did so.

The chapter of greatest actuality in the book is that which relates the circumstances which led to Dr. Momerie's expulsion from his chair at King's College. In that matter, at any rate, his opponents had not a leg to stand upon; and, so far as argument went, he certainly triumphed over Dr. Wace, then Principal of the College and now Dean of Canterbury—a divine who may be learned and, in his way, devout, but who did not in that controversy display either an agile intelligence or a Christian temper. His view that Momerie's heterodox theological opinions unfitted him to teach Logic and Metaphysics might form the basis of collective action on the part of a bigoted clerical board, but could not be maintained as a thesis before impartial judges. His attempt to "rush" the decision, with only two days' notice, at a small ordinary meeting of the council was properly described by Momerie himself as "unseemly," and might even be characterised, without any abuse of language, as a piece of sharp practice. His complication of the issue by complaining that Momerie had spoken with levity not only of the Bible but also of Dr. William Smith, the editor of the "Biblical Dictionary," enables us to take the measure of his mind. Though he won the battle, and got rid of Momerie, the moral victory was with his opponent; and he receives in these pages an ironical castigation under which we sincerely hope that he is now smarting in his Deanery.

Mrs. Momerie's book has many merits. Not the least of them is that it is short—no small consideration in an age in which biographies are as a rule long out of all proportion to the importance of the life. The letters printed have been discreetly chosen; and Momerie's own narrative of his struggle for free thought within the Church has been used whenever possible. We are left with the impression that he had more brains than the general run of preachers, and that he meant to be sincere, though his conception of sincerity is not quite identical with ours.

COLONIAL NATIONALITIES

Studies in Colonial Nationality. By RICHARD JEBB. (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

SINCE the late Sir John Seeley published in volume form the lectures which he had previously delivered to his pupils at Cambridge, under the title of "The Expansion of England," we have progressed a long way in our ideas of empire. Those lectures were the first expression of the imperial mission of England, and those who sat under Sir John at Cambridge in the 'seventies carried his ideas all over the world. But the Imperialism expressed by the "Expansion of England" is old-fashioned now, and Mr. Richard Jebb in his informing volume explains why it is so. Sir John Seeley's was the point of view of the centre of the Empire; it looked on the Colonies as English counties beyond the seas, imagined that the self-governing Colonies could be treated as a whole, and that any policy was pernicious that was not equally applicable to them all. Insensibly we have outgrown that theory, and the dividing line, though we hardly realised it at the time, was the Boer War, and the sending of the Colonial contingents to South Africa.

The new point of view which we are coming to adopt is that of the Colonies themselves. In no two of the four great self-governing Colonies is the predominating Imperialism quite the same thing. All four countries—Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—are travelling the same road, that from the colonial to the national status, but all four are in different stages of development. There is no growing consciousness of a common nationality, as there should be if the idea of Imperial federation were to hold good; on the contrary, each colony is aspiring to a nationality of its own. The nationality of Canada differs from that of Australia, and that of New Zealand from that of South Africa. The new policy is practical, and is cordially approved by Imperialists

beyond the seas, because it admits and promotes their own ideals. The colonial ideal is an alliance of a character more intimate and comprehensive, and therefore, as Mr. Jebb points out, more permanent than is connoted by the conventional use of the term. Such an alliance recognises separate national aspirations, whereas federation aims at national unity; and if diversified nationality, within workable limits, is valued as a progressive element in human civilisation, then the new policy is desirable as well as practicable.

Mr. Jebb's volume is an attempt, and an instructive one, to present a modern view of Imperial evolution, and is the result of three years travel and study among the self-governing States of the Empire. The forces at work during that period were the Spanish-American War, and the consequent birth of an Imperial issue in American politics; the affair of the Alaskan boundary; the institution of the Australian Commonwealth; and the despatch of the Colonial troops to South Africa. These events gave a mighty impulse to the idea of separate nationalities, and prominence to the policy of alliance as opposed to federation. The steps in the process are carefully explained in Mr. Jebb's book, which should be studied by all who wish to understand the trend of Colonial aspirations, whether they agree with them or not.

THE SCANSION OF SPACE

Our Stellar Universe. A Road-book to the Stars. By T. E. HEATH. (Knowledge Office, 5s.)

ANY astronomical literature that bears the *imprimatur* of our contemporary *Knowledge* is certain to be worthy of attention; and the present volume is no exception to the rule. Mr. Heath has succeeded in writing a unique little book, which is of real value in expressing the greater facts about the sidereal universe. He has discovered that the ratio of an inch to a mile is identical, to four places of decimals, with that of the earth's distance from the sun to the distance which light travels in a year—not far short of six millions of millions of miles. Certainly this relation, first observed by Mr. Heath, is of real value in enabling us to realise the distances with which astronomers concern themselves, for we can form some conception of the ratio of an inch to a mile, and of the sun's distance from the earth (though perhaps few realise that the distance from the earth to the moon is less than that from the sun's centre to his circumference!). The distance traversed by light in one year (nearly six billion miles) is conveniently known to astronomers as a light-year. Now the nearest fixed star, a Centauri, is about four and a third light-years distant from us: or, on Mr. Heath's scale-maps, on which the earth is represented as one inch from the sun, the nearest star is about four and a third miles away.

Further, Mr. Heath has been concerned to combat the extraordinary delusion that the brightest stars are the biggest. We say extraordinary delusion, but it must be admitted that what George Eliot, we believe, somewhere calls the "inalienable concavity of the blue heavens" is one of the most compelling of visual illusions. It is faintly possible to imagine how incredibly more impressive the starry heavens would be could we see them in due perspective, as in a hall hung here and there with electric lamps of various sizes, placed at various levels. Still more sublime would be the spectacle to an omnipresent eye which should appreciate the magnificence of some giant star, however distant; whereas, even could we see the perspective of the heavens, we should still be unable to recognise the grandeur of stars beside which our sun is negligible, if they happened to be, say, five thousand light-years distant. Now Mr. Heath has ingeniously drawn and prepared stereoscopic charts which represent certain stars of various sizes or "sun-power" (as the engineer says "horse-power"), so that they appear poised in space of three dimensions, instead of seeming all equidistant on a continuous curved surface, as they appear in the sky. We

have tested these charts with the stereoscope and have found the effect quite remarkable.

Mr. Heath is to be congratulated on the felicity of his quotations from several great masters—of one of whom it was said, in words which seem appropriate in this connection:

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

THE FOUNTS OF SONG

"What is the song I am singing?"

Said the pine-tree to the wave:
"Do you not know the song
You have sung so long
Down in the dim green alleys of the sea,
And where the great blind tides go swinging
Mysteriously,
And where the countless herds of the billows are hurl'd
On all the wild and lonely beaches of the world?"

"Ah, Pine-tree," sighed the wave,
"I have no song but what I catch from thee:
Far off I hear thy strain
Of infinite sweet pain
That floats along the lovely phantom land.
I sigh, and murmur it o'er and o'er and o'er,
When 'neath the slow compelling hand
That guides me back and far from the loved shore,
I wander long
Where never falls the breath of any song,
But only the loud, empty, crashing roar
Of seas swung this way and that for evermore."

"What is the song I am singing?"

Said the poet to the pine:
"Do you not know the song
You have sung so long
Here in the dim green alleys of the woods
Where the wild winds go wandering in ail moods,
And whisper often o'er and o'er,
Or in tempestuous clamours roar
Their dark eternal secret evermore?"

"Oh, Poet," said the Pine,
"Thine
Is that song!
Not mine!
I have known it, loved it, long!
Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry
Through dusk and storm and night,
Or prophesy
When tempests whirl us with their awful might.
Only, I know that when
The poet's voice is heard
Among the woods
The infinite pain from out the hearts of men
Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or bird
In these dumb solitudes."

FIONA MACLEOD.

A BOOK OF TONGUES

"THE Lord's Prayer in Five Hundred Languages," lately published by Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington, does not, at the first glance, promise much to the casual reader. But the man who dips into it is doomed. Its fascinations are such that it cannot be laid down. The languages that one cannot "make head or tail of" at first, are hardly less interesting on investigation than those which one easily puzzles out; and hardly a page is without some entrancing discovery, redolent of lost history, leaping, illuminative, out of the dark backward and abysm of time. A word-for-word rendering of the Chinese dialect airily described as "Easy Wenli" (the character is ideographic Chinese) gives

some idea of the tasks which missionaries have to grapple with. "Our Father in Heaven he, wish Thy name perfectly holy: They dominion rule-come-to, Thy will received-done in earth as in heaven truly. Grant us to-day the day what use food: forgive our sin-debts, as we forgive sin-debts against us those so. Not lead us enter seducing temptation, but save us out of evil-wickedness. For kingdom the, power the, glory the all belong to Thee, in age-age indeed. Heart wishes exactly so." Hardly less interesting are the barbarous dialects called Dutch- and Mauritius-Creole. The latter, a sort of pigeon-French, something like the horrible *petit nègre* of Cochin China, begins thus: "Nou Papa, Ki dan le ciel, fair Ki you nom li sanctifié. Ki you réin vini. Fair ça Ki you vlé, laho la ter, comman dan le ciel."

Perhaps the most curious facts which one alights upon are those connected with the kinship of languages, where the same word occurs in a number of different versions. The familiar "báp" (father) of Hindustani turns up in all sorts of forms and in unexpected places, as "bap" in the Romansch of the Engadine, "bab" in Grisons, "papa" in the Caroline Islands, "babbu" in Corsican and several dialects of Sardinia, "bapa" in Malay, "babath" in Kabyle, "papah" in a language of West Africa, "baba" in Matabele and in two or three languages of Eastern Equatorial Africa! The repeated appearance of a double labial in the word for "Father" (which in some African languages is actually "mama") suggests the idea that infantile speech has fixed the name independently in many languages which, so far as we know, could not possibly have borrowed from one another. A certain added tenderness is thus given to the sublime opening Invocation. In Guiana the translator seems to have shirked a difficulty: the opening word is "Jehovah," which, whatever it may or may not mean, certainly is not a translation of "Our Father." Elsewhere it seems likely that the unedifying associations of the Muhammadan heaven have been purposely evaded, for in Urdu (Muhammadan Hindustani) the word is rendered "ásman." Now "ásman" means simply "sky": the word for heaven is "bihisht," which is actually employed in the Baluchi rendering. In Hindi, the word used is (correctly) "svarg." In all these "name" is rendered (with different accents, all importing a long vowel) "nam." How far afield we have to travel for the origin of "nomen" therefore! But even more remarkable are the Welsh "sancteiddier" and Magyar "szenteltessek" for "hallowed." Welsh is certainly older than the Roman occupation of Britain: yet "sancteiddier"—the only comprehensible word in the specimen of that difficult tongue—is clearly the Latin "sanctus." But what is the relation between "sanctus" and the Magyar word? Is either derived from other, or is the likeness mere accident? It would be remarkable if there were *no* accidental resemblances. In Awari, a language of the Caucasus, the word seems to be "hallal"; but Professor Skeat does not carry "hallow" and "holy" farther back than Goth. "heilag." A still more mysterious coincidence is the Gitano (Spanish Gipsy) "bastardo" for "evil." Lexicographers, following Webster, derive "bastard" from O.F. "bast" (pack-saddle). Is the Gipsy word a mere reflex, or have we here a discovery? The accepted derivation, *bast*, *fils-de-bast*, may have literary support, which of course would settle the matter: but it is not on the face of it convincing.

The Lord's Prayer has almost from time immemorial been employed, in glottological collections, as the specimen passage. In a learned preface to Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington's volume, Dr. Reinhold Rost mentions Conrad Gessner (1555), Chamberlayne (1715), Adelung ("Mithridates," Berlin, 1808-17), and A. Auer ("Sprachenhalle," Vienna, 1844-47) as having thus employed the greatest of all prayers. The last-named work contained 200 versions. But nothing to approach the present collection, either in copiousness or interest, has ever been published; and so far from being a mere technical handbook for experts it is, as above indicated, a most fascinating work for any reader.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

BOCCACCIO

WHO says that realism originated with Zola, or Flaubert' or Balzac, or even Fielding? Realism in modern literature is as old as fiction itself—which is to say that Boccaccio began it. He mirrored life in his writings—or in some of them—partly because his admirers wanted to see it mirrored and told him so, partly because his genius was more for the treatment of the real than the ideal, but chiefly because, as the result of what he considered the defects of his education, he had acquired a considerable knowledge of life. By nature he was a student, athirst for knowledge, but his father tried to make him a man of commerce. "Before I entered on the period of youth," he writes, "he put me to a merchant of great consequence, with whom I did nothing for six years but waste irrecoverable time." At the end of the six years, the bent of his mind was partially recognised, and, as he was seen to be studious, it was decided to make him a lawyer. It has been the habit of *bourgeois* parents in all ages thus to fling the dry bones of the learned professions to youth hungering for scholarship, confusing the two things perhaps because in each of them knowledge has to be painfully acquired from books. The case of Boccaccio in this regard anticipated the case of Mistral and many others. He "laboured in vain," he says, "under a very eminent professor"; and he adds: "My mind revolted to such an extent that neither the learning of my master nor the authority of my father, by whose commands I was perpetually harassed, nor yet the prayers, or rather the recriminations, of my friends, could bend it." So he turned to poetry, yet "missed the chance," as he believed, "of being an illustrious poet," because he was prevented from giving the art his undivided attention until too late. But the truth is otherwise. Boccaccio had not the endowments of his predecessor Dante, or of his contemporary Petrarch. Left to his own devices, he would have imitated without seriously rivalling one or other of them, or would have excelled as a scholar, doing good spade-work to facilitate the labours of the Scaligers and Casaubons of a later date. To some extent, indeed, he actually did both these things, though he is not remembered for them; but he owes his immortal fame to the fact that he could not begin to do them in his impressionable years. Then, thanks to a father who did the right thing, without knowing what he did, and to whom the son was so little grateful that, when obliged to live with him, he wrote that "the sour and horrible aspect of the old man, frozen, uncouth, and avaricious, adds continual affliction to my saddened mood," he was constrained to study life instead of books. He "knocked about, wandering through many lands, now here, now there, as his commercial engagements prompted." He fell in love; and his love was no purely spiritual passion. His mistress did not dwell in the clouds, there only to be approached by prayer in the form of sonnets. She was a woman of the world—probably of "light" behaviour, and certainly of interests which the French call "terre-à-terre." No doubt she wanted sonnets—sonnets are always flattering to a woman's pride, even when her natural preference is for jewellery or chocolates. But she also wanted stories, and discovered that Boccaccio had a turn for story-telling. She gave him a theme, and so he was started upon the career of which the "Decameron" was to be the culmination. He was able to rival the renown of Dante and Petrarch—and even, with his immediate posterity, to surpass it—because he worked on lines that were not identical with theirs, but parallel.

The "Decameron," as has been said, marks the beginning of realism in fiction. The tales are as realistic in their way as the short stories of Guy de Maupassant, whose themes are often somewhat similar. The difference between these two great masters of the art of the short story is more in their attitude towards life than in anything else. They

are both photographic artists, and both humorists. But Maupassant's humour is sardonic, informed by the pessimism of an age that has grown old and weary—an age that has exhausted experiences, and finds civilisation unsatisfactory though indispensable. He has always the air, too, of despising the many for the entertainment of the few. Boccaccio writes with the joyousness that belongs to the youth of the world—its second youth that came to it when the Renaissance awoke it from the slumbers of the Middle Ages. The world then seemed a garden planted by Almighty God to be a pleasure for man. Men and women, diverting themselves in that garden, did not yet realise—since Savonarola had not yet spoken—that they were in the garden on probation, in sore need of grace, and in peril of judgment to come. They laughed, therefore, and made merry. There were what a vulgar modern would call "goings on" in the garden; and the way of a man with a maid was much practised in its arbours, even by churchmen vowed to chastity. Boccaccio, owing to that defective education which he deplored, knew about the proceedings in the garden at first hand—had taken part in them, and enjoyed them. That was how he differed from Petrarch; that, from a certain point of view, was his advantage over Petrarch. He was the man of genius who had lived the same sort of life as the men of common clay, and had not been disillusioned. As an artist, he perceived the sombre background of the highly coloured picture; and he heightened his effects by rendering it. That is the significance of the grim description of the plague at Florence which serves as prelude to his joyous narratives. But the gloom of this background does not darken the picture by its shadows, or depress the storyteller, or prevent him from living joyously in the present. The merriment of the garden-party asserts itself at once. The laughter awakens no hollow mocking echoes. The rollicking immorality of the age is seized and presented in a picture that has long outlived the age, not by a censor or a cynic, but by a sympathiser. Of course it is indecorous—it could not have been anything else. Few things more indecorous have ever been written except for the base uses of some secret pornographic press. It is better, for that reason, that some people should not read it. But it lives. It preserves for all time the picture of the Italian society of the first years of the Renaissance, naked and unashamed, though by no means innocent, unrebuted as yet by any zealot, whether of the Reform or of the counter-Reformation. And to say that is to say that realism for the first time triumphs in its pages.

In his old age, it appears, Boccaccio repented of the "Decameron." He besought his friends not to read it, and proposed to abandon light literature, and become a monk and a divine. Petrarch persuaded him to reconsider this last decision, and it must be agreed that the advice was good. No doubt Boccaccio would have been an eminent divine, if he had been a divine at all; but there was no need. There have been so many eminent divines in the history of the world, and so few among them concerning whom the religious public is absolutely agreed that they did more good than harm. That is one reason for refusing to regret our inability to include him in the list. The other is that there are some repentances which seem a set-back to the progress of the world, and some inconsistencies too gross to be tolerable even in the "converted." The case of the author of the "Decameron" is surely such a one. It is natural enough that age, bringing reflection, should also have brought him to the view that he had given too free a rein to the loose fancies of adolescence. But a man does not cancel the past by turning his back on it. He merely puzzles the critical observer by the illusion of a multiple personality, and by flying from one excess to another remains as far distant as ever from the mean. A literary success is not necessarily to be deplored because it is unsuitable for a divine; and it is equally impossible to wish that the "Decameron" had never been written and to wish that it had been the work of an ecclesiastic. It forms a starting-point in literary

much as Calvin's "Institute" forms a starting-point in religious Protestantism. The besetting sin of the men of letters of the period was indecency, just as the besetting sin of the theologians of the period was intolerance expressing itself in persecution; and of the two faults indecency is distinctly the less grave. There was no more need, therefore, for Boccaccio to make amends for his indecorum by taking the tonsure than for Calvin to indicate his regret for the burning of Servetus by writing a lewd romance. Literature and religion would have been made equally ridiculous by such a course.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

FICTION

In the Arena. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. (Murray, 6s.)

ON the evidence of these stories, six in number, we are inclined to corroborate the remark of the "old-timer", who gave of his wisdom to the questioning student, in the foreword. The remark is this: "Looking back upon it all what we most need in politics is more good men." The title of the first story is Boss Gorgett, and after this it is scarcely necessary to add that the politics in question are American politics, in the intricacies of which English readers have been already schooled by that admirable philosopher of Archey Road, Mr. Dooley. The old-timer of Mr. Tarkington does not view matters with the twinkling eye and the convenient weapon, stovepipe or brick, of the interested watcher in the bar: he has himself been in the arena and relates his experiences with all the earnestness of an old campaigner. These experiences are interesting and well told, though they are without that snap, that pungency of humour, which have made Mr. Dooley's observations famous in spite of his quaint obscurities of dialect. Boss Gorgett is contending an election with Farwell Knowles, who is a young man of ambition and principle, but does not know that "the only way to play politics, whatever you're for, is to learn the game first;" so he is indignant to discover that his opponent has arranged a little manoeuvre by which he will be able to stuff the ballot box with his own votes. He determines to expose this corrupt scheme in the paper which he edits and send the Boss to the penitentiary. But Lake Gorgett is a great man, and does not turn a hair: for he has had the enthusiastic young idealist watched, and the young idealist, though he is a married man, has been carrying on a "soully flirtation" with a kindred spirit, and in a moment of exaltation has actually kissed her on the doorstep of her father's house. The final scene is most affecting and Farwell Knowles abandons politics. In "The Aliens," an excessively painful story of some force, we are shown the lowest grade of the system: the power of a scoundrel agent, Pixley by name, who, to prevent certain Italians living together in one cellar from voting against his wishes, is able to introduce among them with the help of the police, a negro infected with small-pox. It is the only tragic story in the book. The others are of the same nature as the first. They have no especial excellence of any kind, but they are very interesting and clever, and are written with a sound knowledge of the subject with which they deal. Whether more good men will enter the arena on their account, however, we venture to doubt.

The White Terror and the Red. By A. CAHAN. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

NOVELS dealing with what is now called the Russian reform movement, formerly known as Nihilism, are almost as the stars in multitude, but they fall into two main divisions. The one includes the works of those writers who take Aristotle's insistence on the plot as a command to multiply startling episodes, and who seek to obtain the requisite atmosphere by the crude application of local colour: it would be invidious to specify their style with more detail. The present work is not of this class, although neither

incident nor local colour is by any means wanting. Although it shares with most Russian novels which we have read a strange formlessness of plot, the picture which it paints of social life in Russia is drawn from the inside: in opening the book we feel at once that we are in the company of one who knows the aspirations of the Russian people, and the methods which are now being employed to realise them. Mr. Cahan traces the mental growth of Prince Boulatoff, from his childhood, when he is a thoughtless champion of autocracy, till he is hand in glove with the reformers. His book is, like many Russian novels, a rather breathless story of intrigue tempered with dynamite. A mass of figures pass across the stage; and, with the exception of Pavel Boulatoff and the heroine Clara, they are rather colourless. The individual, as it were, is in the background, and the cause is everything. Mr. Cahan, we believe, thus faithfully reflects at once the strength and the weakness of the cause of reform in Russia. The types of reformers who play their parts in his pages are so engrossed in setting the cause above renown, that they seem paralysed into intellectual inaction. The novel, in fact, like Russia herself, seems waiting for a leader. But it is none the less an engrossing story, and may be safely recommended to those who wish to study, without undue application, the Russian history which is being made to-day. One does not expect optimism in a Russian novelist: Mr. Cahan is not even cheerful. Again, Russian fiction is not usually conspicuous for happy endings, or the workings of poetic justice: the *siccum lumen* of realism gives so gloomy an atmosphere to Mr. Cahan's pages that he is constrained to end on a note of despair. This, in fact, is not a novel for the ordinary subscriber to a circulating library, although the intelligent reader will find in it much sound workmanship and no little insight into the psychology of the Russian *intellectuels*.

Seth of the Cross. By ALPHONSE COURLANDER. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

WE do not want to maintain that people who live in London suburbs on small means have nothing to grumble at, but we have often observed that they are mainly cheerful. The divine discontent that should show them the pitiable meanness of their lives is lacking, and in their petty, commonplace way they are actually happy. They come from little homes they think delightful, and from families they regard with sincere pride and affection. The truth is that a man will be happy if he can, and if, as Dr. Saleeby assures us, his digestion permits. We believe that some delightful temperaments would triumph over dyspepsia itself: we know that cheerfulness may abide with poverty, pain and suffering. But Mr. Courlander will have none of it. When an early suburban train deposits its crowd of bread-winners at a London terminus, he sees them pale and pinched by the gripping fingers of want. The city with its arms of iron is slowly crushing the desire of life out of their bodies, the women are slippshod, the men wear the livery of bondage. Every one is gloomy, hideous and a failure. This description of London "daily breeders" seems to us untrue to life, and less true of the suburban cockney clerk and business man than of most people. Ask Eliza's husband if his lot is an unhappy one. Seth Craddock, however, is not a cockney clerk. He does not come to that poor place London until he has been dogged by misfortune in the country. He is blood brother to Jude the Obscure, a bookish boy born in poor surroundings. The author does his utmost to rouse our sympathy with an unlucky fellow who has all the gods against him: but in these days when the gods no longer strike us directly, we ask that a man with health and brains should in some measure conquer circumstance. Seth Craddock was the tool of fate. The author, who seems to fear that his hero will be considered a prig, points out that "he was merely following the precepts of the Man who earned his deity by self-sacrifice:" and he goes on to suggest that to be righteous is to be dismal. This is a libel on humanity. Why should the gloomy people assume that they are the ones who see true? The

colour of our life is mostly due to the eyes that see it, and its luck to the temper in which we encounter its chances.

Captain Balaam of the Cormorant. By MORLEY ROBERTS.
(Eveleigh Nash, 3s. 6d.)

THE full flavour of these stirring tales can only be appreciated by those who understand the ways and talk of sailors, and something of the art of navigation. But the most ignorant reader in such matters can make out that Captain Balaam, of the "Cormorant," played a trick upon the captain of the "Scanderberg"—such a desperately shabby trick, too, that he might have been the man who was once turned out of a whaler for ungentlemanly conduct. We like Mr. Morley Roberts best in his lighter vein, and least when he drops into tragedy; in "Jack-all-Alone" there is a terrible situation that should leave us cold and creepy, and not, as it does, cold and critical. Food plays an important part in these sea stories, and if Mr. Morley Roberts can be said to suggest a moral it is that men will do and dare anything if only they are fed well. Therefore, whoso desires to become a popular skipper and get the better of his rivals, let him see to it that tubs of butter and seven-pound cans of marmalade are forthcoming upon occasions of emergency.

A Self-Made Man's Wife: Her Letters to her Son. Being a Woman's View of a certain famous Correspondence.
By CHARLES EUSTACE MERRIMAN. (Putnam, 6s.)

THAT it is obviously written neither from a mother's nor a wife's point of view is perhaps a matter of slight importance in a book of this sort, provided that it is readable and entertaining. Farcical exaggeration, aphorisms, illustrative anecdotes there are in profusion in these letters, but very few of the anecdotes are witty or original, and many are so stale and time-worn that it must have required almost the courage of despair to reproduce them yet once again. Most readers of Mr. Lorimer's "Self-Made Man's Letters to his Son" formed a rather agreeable impression of that millionaire's wife and son: it vanishes with the wife's first letter in this volume, which is a trifle hard on both their originator and the reader. Here and there a point is neatly taken, and there are one or two fairly amusing chapters, but upon the whole these letters are tedious and disappointing.

The Knight of the Needle Rock and his Days, 1571-1606. By MARY J. WILSON. (Stock, 6s.)

"THE facts and details of this story have been gathered from various family papers, documents, pedigrees, &c., the Oglander Memoirs, and different books of the period," and from these materials Miss Wilson has compiled a remarkably interesting and informing book. It takes the form of a diary kept by Mr. John Leigh, of Wolverton, Isle of Wight, interspersed with letters from friends and relatives at Court and abroad. These relationships are somewhat complicated, and the characters numerous,—this, however, enables the author to give information and rumours from many sources concerning the chief events of the time. The domestic side of life also receives its due meed of attention, and lacks nothing in picturesqueness. One of the most effective bits of description is that of the passing of the Spanish Armada up the Channel harried by the English ships, upon a still, hot summer's day. There is a letter from Lady Walsingham, at Paris, giving a vivid account of her experience during the night of the St. Bartholomew massacre: and reports from eye-witnesses of many famous scenes. The book, which in general interest and genuine romantic episodes is worth half a score of ordinary novels, gives evidence of great care, ability and good taste. The story runs on perfectly smooth harmonious lines, and the style is simple and unpretentious. We should gather that it has been a labour of love to the author. She may be complimented upon the successful use she has made of her family records. The frontispiece is a photograph of the Needle Rock after a line etching. Another illustration is that of a page of an ancient family Bible which has been in the author's family since 1541.

THE BOOKSHELF

CANON Arthur James Mason has rendered a real service to the public in compiling his *Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church* (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net). With a subject of such wide interest, and so wrapt and buried in legends as Martyrology, the need of a book of handy size, which should acquaint the general reader with stories that are for the most part only to be found in large compilations in foreign or ancient tongues, has long been felt, and the disentangling of what may be safely taken to be historic fact from the legend that has crept in, often to the marring of the beauty and effect of the true story, was a work which badly needed doing and which no one probably was better fitted to do than the Master of Pembroke. The stories he tells may be divided into five parts: the Martyrs of the Apostolic Age, the Martyrs of Alexandria, the beginning of Diocletian's persecution, the Martyrs of Palestine and the African Martyrs. There is, to a great extent, a sameness in the stories of these earlier sufferers for the faith. There is, on the other hand, in nearly every one of them, a strange and stirring beauty, and the volume is one to be welcomed even by people who may find themselves unable to study it exactly in the spirit in which it was written.

The object of the essays in *Asia and Europe*, by Meredith Townsend (Constable and Co., 5s. net.), which have been reprinted from various periodicals, is to show that Europe never has succeeded, and never will succeed, in dominating Asia, and point is lent to this new edition by the fact that Japan, an Asiatic power, not of the first class either in area or in population, has challenged and beaten by sea and land a first-class European Power. Our ideas on the subject are probably warped by the possession of India, which we have held at the most for a century and a half, a period of time which is as nothing in the eyes of Eastern people. Our superiority in the invention of weapons of war has also led us to believe that the European is necessarily superior to the Asiatic, and when, little more than a year ago, Japan, to the surprise of the Western world, accepted the contemptuous challenge of Russia, the general opinion was that she had vaingloriously undertaken a task much beyond her strength. But the Japanese showed that they had assimilated many of the ideas and much of the skill of Europe, and indeed that in several respects they were capable of improving on both. That Asiatics can fight seemed to be quite a revelation to many people, who forgot that a small federation of Mongol tribes burst out of their steppes, reached France and nearly overthrew the Roman Empire on the plain of Chalons; that the Arabs, never fourteen millions strong, defeated both Eastern Rome and Persia, extirpated the Vandals of North Africa, conquered Spain, and, after their first energy had decayed, drove the picked chivalry of Europe out of Palestine. Moreover the Turks, a little Asiatic tribe, destroyed the Eastern Roman Empire, penetrated to the walls of Vienna, and still hold some of the finest provinces of Eastern Europe with the reputation of being the best individual soldiers in the world. Mr. Townsend holds that one of the fundamental conditions of history is that Europe should not permanently occupy Asia, nor Asia conquer Europe, and that the rise of Japan to be a first-class power must by degrees increase the difficulty for Europe in remaining in profitable possession of great sections of Asia. The fall of Port Arthur is in many respects the most momentous occurrence in the history of West and East since the capture of Constantinople, and there is nothing parallel to it, or explanatory of it, in modern history. Mr. Townsend's theory is that Asia will ultimately revert once more to the Asiatics, but he thinks that the tendency may be delayed for a century or so, if Japan is completely and fully admitted into the European family. But speaking broadly, it is almost safe to say that Asia, under the leadership of Japan, will recover her independence, which in all human probability she will once more misuse.

The Jewish Encyclopædia. A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the earliest times to the present day. Volume IX. MORAWCZYK-PHILIPPSON (Funk and Wagnall, 25s.). This latest volume of the *Jewish Encyclopædia* has much the same merits and defects as its predecessor, which was recently reviewed in the ACADEMY. In its general tone the book bears far more analogy to Meyer's *Konversations Lexicon* than to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, aiming not so much at literary effect as at giving a businesslike précis of all the information bearing on the various subjects. This being the case, we are all the more surprised that the volume is in so many instances overburdened by its illustrations which frequently possess a purely decorative function. In Mr. Budgett Maakin's otherwise excellent article on "Morocco," for instance, no less than four photographs are given of the various types of Moroccan Jewish beauty; pleasing in themselves, they strike us as signally out of place in a work of this description. Of the principal contents the most interesting is the article on "Palestine", copiously illustrated with maps, and containing statistical tables of the recent import and export trade which should prove particularly instructive to those concerned with the present Zionist controversy. Of the other articles we would mention in particular "Morbidity" and "Mortality" by Dr. H. Fishberg, which tend to show that the general health of the Jews is considerably better than that of the average Gentile though, on the other hand, they are more liable to hysteria and neurasthenia; "Music" by Dr. Francis Cohen, "Maimonides" by Dr. Lauterbach, "New York" by Mr. D. H. Hermelin, "Moses," by Dr. Barton and Dr. Lauterbach, and "Palaeography" by M. Seymour de Ricci. Interesting too is the account of the Jewish periodicals from the *Gazeta de Amsterdam* of the seventeenth down to the very latest Jewish papers of the twentieth century. In spite of certain minor blemishes the

Encyclopaedia should prove a valuable work of reference to all interested in Jewish matters; while it cannot but serve to bring home to every reader the unique cosmopolitanism of the Jews, and their prominence in nearly all the departments of the artistic, intellectual, and financial worlds.

German professors who devote their lives to the production of immense volumes of learning, which with somewhat strained modesty they describe as hand-books, are familiar figures. Their colleagues in America have a tendency in the opposite direction. The spreading of the eagle's wings stirs even the atmosphere of the cloister, and breathes a note of grandiloquence even into the titles of books. We noticed the other day a little book by an American man of learning, which might have formed, had the subject been more suitable, a magazine article of ordinary length: its second title was, "The History of an Idea." These insular reflections, which are suggested by the title of Professor G. S. Goodspeed's *History of the Ancient World*. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net), form no disparagement in themselves to a book which, if it hardly lives up to its title-page, should form a useful introduction to its subject. Professor Goodspeed writes, we imagine, for the benefit of first-year students in his own University of Chicago; but his book is one which deserves the consideration of sixth-form masters in our public schools. He covers the ground well, without an unnecessary display of learning, and the book both by reason of its admirable illustrations and its system of cross-references, should prove stimulating as a basis for wider study. It falls naturally, like so many subjects of the human pen, into three parts; the preliminary chapters on the Eastern Empires are kept short, and are sufficient to prepare the way for a more elaborate treatment of Greece and Rome. Each chapter is furnished with examination questions and suggestions for further reading on the subject, and the book also contains a good index and full bibliographies. Some of the illustrations might have been more fully described; for instance in the chapter on the Mycenaean Age, we have a reproduction of the Vaphio cups, which is simply labelled "reliefs from gold cups of the Mycenaean age" without further identification. In dealing with the literature of Greece and Rome, Professor Goodspeed is not very illuminating: Livy's style, he tells us, is "full and flowing," and Thucydides "had no imagination!" We suspect that here the critic is confusing imagination with the faculty of invention.

BOOK SALES

SALE OF BOOKS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES AT MESSRS. HODGSON & CO., CHANCERY LANE, ON APRIL 12, 13 AND 14.

Some important books were disposed of in this sale.

Tennyson (Lord) Poems by Alfred Tennyson, First Edition, original boards, uncut. Morox 1833. £5.

Elyot (Sir J.) The Boke named The Goverour, *Hile within woodcut border*, black letter. 12mo, old calf. Imprinted at London by T. East 1580. £1 5s. 6d.

Macgillivray (W.) A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory, 5 vols. 1837-52. £4 2s. 6d.

Gay (J.) Fables, with Life, plates by W. Blake. 1793. £1 19s.

Folk-Lore Society's Publications—a Complete Set, including the two rare Extra Volumes Callaway's Nursery Tales and The Religious System of the Amazulu, also Chamberlain's Aino Folk-Tales, and The Legend of the Holy Grail, 51 vols. 1868-1902. £20.

The Publications of the Harleian Society; a Complete Set, from the Commencement to 1704, 52 vols., with the Register Section, 31 vols., together, 83 vols. £30.

Villon Society—The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night. Translated by John Payne. £6 10s.

The Index Library, being Indexes, Calendars and Abstracts of British Records, from the commencement in 1888 to 1904. £6 10s.

Gerarde (J.) The Herball or Generall Historie of Plantes, Enlarged and Amended by Thomas Johnson, Best Edition. London, 1636. £5 10s.

Gould (J.) The Birds of Europe, numerous beautifully coloured plates, with Descriptions, 5 vols., imp. folio. 1837. £33.

Ackermann's Microcosm of London, coloured plates by Pugin and Rowlandson of the Interiors and Exteriors of Public Buildings, and the Manners and Customs of London, with Descriptive Text, by William Combe, 3 vols. 1808. £14.

Gardiner (S. R.) The Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I., 2 vols. History of the Great Civil War, 3 vols., and History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 3 vols., maps, together 8 vols. 1882-1901. £9.

Wordsworth (W.) Ode to the Memory of Charles Lamb, 4 leaves, commencing "To the dear Memory of a frail good Man. . . ." Presentation Copy, with Inscription on fly-leaf, "From the Author," original wrapper. 1835. £21.

Thackeray (W. M.) Vanity Fair: A Novel without a Hero, First Edition. £6.

AUTOGRAPHS.

Cromwell—Order for the Payment of £1587 12s. "unto Capt. Robert Hutton" for eight and twenty days' pay for the "officers and soldiers in Sr Arthur Hesilrig's, and Major Sydenham's . . . Troops of Horse . . ." signed "O. Cromwell," with receipt, April 16, 1651. £4.

Order for the Exchange of "Fiftie Pikes" for "one hundred Pikes and twenty Muskets," May 2, 1643; Three A.L.S. from Thos. Astle, 1798-9, and others. £3 7s. 6d.

Holinshed (R.) Chronicles of Englande, Scotland and Irelande, woodcuts, black letter, 3 vols. in 2. 1587. £5 17s. 6d.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

These were written by, amongst others, King Charles II., Queen Henrietta Maria, Abraham Cowley, the Marquis of Montrose, Wm. Prince of Orange, Prince Rupert and Lord Clarendon.

Also an extremely interesting series of Autograph Letters of Sophia the mother of George I., Documents signed by Henry VII. and Oliver Cromwell, James II., Queen Anne, Cardinal Stuart and others.

The whole collection realised £2009 12s.

THE DRAMA

"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

MR. LEWIS WALLER has learned to act imperially. His princely escapade as "Monsieur Beaucaire" and his soul stirring experiences as "Harry of England" have left their mark upon him. They have made him a king-intoxicated man. The phenomenon is not unique. Considering the plastic temperament which makes of a man an actor, the effect of oft simulated kingship on his imagination is almost inevitable. The counterfeit presentment of heroic deeds becomes vital fact; the actor feels that the hero is projected in his own personality. Under this stimulus, something of the heroic manner will be reflected henceforth in his bearing and speech. Thus Mr. Lewis Waller's "Romeo" emerges from his brain no volatile, mercurial Montague, but a monarch who, in no figurative sense, trails his cloak with a feeling for the decorative in pose. Imperially he enters, his hands clasped on his sword-hilt; imperially he takes the middle of the stage; and he seems in imminent danger of breaking out into the imperial hexameters of the fifth Henry at Agincourt. His attitude towards Benvolio and Mercutio is almost insolent. "I am Sir Oracle," says his arrogance; "when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." The cynic may object that this is the common way of actor managers; more charitably and more truly I believe it may be traced to Mr. Waller's essays in the art of being prince. These essays have weakened his perspective; for the moment they have diminished his interpretative powers. In its most characteristic expression Mr. Waller's artistic personality embodies the glamour of romantic strength, the triumph of will over passion, the victory of dominant sanity. With unequalled skill he can portray the man who is master of himself. Romeo, therefore, must become something other than Romeo in his hands. Not this the Romeo, the impassioned youth who, sighing for his Rosaline, is flung, on sudden sight of Juliet, into a very ecstasy of lyric love. Not this the man to leave Verona without Juliet or to waste time in confronting Capulet with the *fait accompli* of his marriage or sob in impotent rage on the floor of Friar Lawrence's cell. Moments of intensity, of poetry, of humour the new Romeo has, and his elocution is faultless; but there is not in him that suppleness, that sustained ardour of passion, enslaving the mind and conquering the will, that exultant fervour which make Romeo the unsurpassable type of youthful lover. If this poetic madness of loving be taken away, what is there left? The tragedy is little compared with the glamour of this perfervid episode of love—a love-song of varying moods and cadences but with ever its burden of the lordship of love. So one looks for this dominant motive in Miss Millard's Juliet—and looks in vain. Instead we have a picture of a very pretty young English lady, high-spirited, a bit of a hoyden, with quite respectable views about love and marriage. In her earlier love-scenes this nice girl who always has her feelings under proper control shows no indication of the capacity for violent physical agitation which overtakes her when she drinks the potion. Suddenly she develops into a Veronese equivalent for "The Worst Woman in London"—all syncopation and spasms. For the rest who cares? But if other things and persons count beside Romeo and Juliet,

then it may be recorded that the play is beautifully mounted and, taken all round, carefully and competently acted. Mr. Esmond plays Mercutio and makes him a rattle-brain not a wit. He robs the famous Queen Mab speech of its fantasy by gabbling and indistinctness ; and he is never dignified save in his death. This becomes him well; his valiant staggering off the stage to die is most impressive. One word more. To paraphrase a certain famous message—the fights are splendid.

"KING RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Now are we in the full flood of our Shakespeare-worship. Whether at Stratford or in London, the actor-manager hastens with his offering of "new interpretations" to the shrine of the Bard. But the season breeds charity, so let us attribute solely to worship these promptings to pour out libations before Shakespeare's altar. In his enthusiasm Mr. Beerbohm Tree has given a whole week to a festival in memorial of the poet's "birth-week." This solemn rite began on Monday night with a performance of *King Richard II.*—a happy choice on the part of Mr. Tree. Certain there be who find in this great historical tragedy resounding rhetoric and nothing more. A narrow view, surely. The burden of its exquisite lyric beauty lies but lightly on the play, not marring but only amplifying the truth and tenderness of its characterisation. The wild, graceful creature that Richard is cannot be surpassed in all Shakespeare's wonderful gallery of pictures. Here is the whole man standing in a marvellous subtle light which illuminates the dim places of his soul. It is a consummate portrait of a weak man, a vacillating king, with a wide ear for flattery and a delicate, sensuous joy in the soft and beautiful things of life. Depicting this complex being, variable and inconstant, Mr. Tree is seen at his best. Mercifully ignoring in him a tendency to exaggerate and to insist overmuch on certain clever but finnick pieces of "business," we may extol the performance as an extremely able, consistent, and picturesque piece of work, to be accounted with Mr. Tree's best. To his ideal of colour Mr. Tree is wont to sacrifice too much ; but this time the actor is not under its exclusive dominion. For that reason Mr. Tree's *King Richard II.* may be commended highly. That the play lacks love interest is manifest, but its human interest is not diminished thereby. *E sede depositum potentes*—is there greater human tragedy than the pulling down of the mighty from their seats ? Many changes have been made in the cast since Mr. Tree produced the play first. Miss Viola Tree comes nearer acting—and acting with charm—than in anything she has yet done. Mr. Basil Gill is picturesque and resonant as Thomas Mowbray ; Mr. Henry Neville gasps to his heart's content as "time-honoured Lancaster" ; and Mr. Lyn Harding, whose elocution is really excellent, makes a singularly ineffective Bolingbroke. Mr. Tree's vagaries in the matter of interpolated tableaux can be pardoned ; the pictures are so good.

"HER OWN WAY" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE "WHAT PAMELA WANTED" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

THE performances of Miss Maxine Elliott in *Her Own Way*, and of Miss Ethel Irving in *What Pamela Wanted*, prove these two ladies to be *comédiennes* of as nearly as possible equal range and talent, and, as their personalities are equally though in different ways attractive, the reasons why the one should have scored an individual success and the other should not seem worthy of consideration.

What Pamela Wanted is described as a comedy, but it would be described much more correctly as a farce. Strictly speaking, it is neither. In that its humour—or as much of it as is proper to the theatre, as much as gains in

effect by perpetration on the stage—is the humour of the situation, the piece is farce ; but, in that each situation as it arises is treated not so much for its own sake as with a view to exploiting the characters concerned, it is comedy. But in itself the subject, since the humorous view of it was to be taken, is purely farcical, for the story consists of a series of events which have no spontaneous relation whatever, no relation at all except that given them by chance. The opportunity for comedy would only have arisen if each situation had resulted from the mood which the preceding situation had created. In that case the interest of the subject would have centred in the characters, for from their behaviour in the circumstances the story would have come. As it is, the story proceeds quite independently. Instead of being evolved by the action of the *dramatis persona*, it carries them on a predestined course. It demands of them no definite characteristics, and, indeed, had such existed, it would inevitably be other than it is. With any but a negative he and she it could not possibly exist. In exploiting the characters, therefore, the authors have been unable to produce any comedy of interest or value and have merely retarded the action and diluted the interest of the plot, so that the play appears a slow and tedious farce. But a farce it is, if anything, and as farce it should be played. Now the one essential in this class of work is style, and style is the chief thing which Miss Irving has still to acquire. With time and experience it will doubtless come, but she could not possibly expect to have crystallised her method thus early in her "legitimate" career. Her talent for comedy she proves once again—she possesses, indeed, far more than the part requires—but, had she even shown a genius for it, her performance, without the one essential, must still have been unsatisfactory.

Miss Elliott's talent is no greater than Miss Irving's, but her part requires in the way of accomplishment no more than she is able to supply. There are possibilities which she ignores, but all that is essential she achieves, and in consequence her performance is successful. Workmanlike and admirable as it is, neither in conception nor in execution is Mr. Clyde Fitch's play ideal. Possessed in the person of the heroine of a definite centre of sympathy and interest, it is yet not written, as it should be, entirely from her point of view. The point of view of the other characters, even of the man antagonistic to her, is developed almost as fully as her own. Only by putting himself in the heroine's place, by seeing each person and event exactly and merely as she saw them, could the author, in the three hours to which the traffic of the stage is limited, have obtained the full effect implicit in his subject. As it is, he has even frittered much of his time on scenes and persons which, however delightful in themselves, are entirely unnecessary and irrelevant. The result is that the heroine is not as sympathetic as she might and should have been, and that in consequence the play is not as interesting. By a great actress the defect could almost have been remedied, for by the poignancy of her emotion and the quality of her appeal the effect of all that Mr. Fitch has left unsaid would to a great extent have been supplied. But, because this is not absolutely necessary—because, even as it stands, the play is interesting—Miss Elliott's performance is quite satisfying.

FINE ART

THE PICTURE-MARKET AND CONTEMPORARY ART

To those who have any personal acquaintance with the picture-market it is a familiar fact that in recent years it has become a matter of increasing difficulty for a living English artist to find a market for his wares. Even if we leave entirely out of account the merit of his work and consider the question of the market merely, we can find the explanation in the altered attitude of the picture-

buying public, to which that of the dealers naturally corresponds.

In former days there were patrons, often of obscure origin, self-made men, and sometimes not even men of great wealth, who bought without any idea of speculation, simply on their own judgment. Such were the first patrons of Turner—Joseph Gillott, Dr. Munro, Elkanah Bicknell. Even as late as the Pre-Raphaelites there were to be found many patrons entirely independent of dealers and markets, who had the courage of and the reward for backing their own opinions. But a gradual change has been observable of late years. The middle classes appear to have concluded that original pictures are entirely beyond the means of persons with a moderate income; they would no more think of buying a picture than they would a pleasure yacht or a motor-car, and content themselves with photogravures. The wealthy, on the other hand, appear to consider picture-buying merely in the light of an investment, and all they want is a safe thing like Preference stock. Since it has been proved over and over again of recent years that even the official stamp of the Royal Academy is not a sufficient guarantee of the security of the investment, and they have no other standard to go by, they have finally restricted their purchases to the established reputations—what we roughly call the Old Masters, including of course our own, Reynolds, Morland, &c. The dealers find that they can in consequence make a splendid turnover without stepping aside from the well-worn ruts. Why should a dealer worry himself to exercise his *flair* and discover who are the rising men of his own time, when he can get a princely income on old-established lines? A well-known Reynolds was bought and sold by a great firm three times in the course of twenty years, and the last time at an increase of 1000 per cent. What wonder that they refuse to touch modern work?

True, they lose opportunities which former generations would have seized upon. If some dealer had had the courage to buy up every Whistler that was to be had in 1880, we should have seen a corner in Whistlers far stronger than that which was attempted in America. There was a Degas bought at Christie's less than twenty years ago for £64, and recently sold for £3000; but the dealers can afford to snap their fingers at such lost opportunities. Their position is quite secure as it is and sufficiently remunerative. To some extent, perhaps, the American buyer has helped to develop this state of affairs. As recently as twenty years ago Americans practically did not compete for Old Masters. Their specialty was for a long time in modern French, especially the Barbizon school.

Mr. Sheridan Ford wrote a most amusing account of the lengths they would go to in their acquisitions, and of the vast number of sham Corots and Daubignys that were dumped down on them. But of recent years and in accumulating volume they have bought in every market Old Masters of all nationalities, always, apparently, with a view to getting a safe thing, and with little real connoisseurship.

Unfortunately for them but perhaps fortunately for the progress of art, safety is not always assured by mere dollars. During the last year the writer had occasion to make a list of some American collections, and among six reputed Constables only one was declared authentic by the first authorities on the subject. Of course, if a man has a very long purse and deals with a firm of unblemished reputation he will probably obtain genuine work. But no amount of pedigree and document will convert a bad picture into a good one, and as masterpieces are not forthcoming in every sale he will have to put up with genuine but inferior examples. Even Reynolds occasionally produced tedious and bad work; it is notorious that much that was turned out of his studio as his own work was mainly produced by assistants. The ghost, we must remember, has in all ages been a useful animal.

The long purse will do something, the long head a little more, but the only complete arbiter is taste combined with a little courage. The Americans have always been patrons

of French artists; at first the Barbizon men were all the rage; later and up to the present the impressionists, Monet, Degas, Renoir, &c. Whistlers have only been bought to a considerable extent since they obtained the *imprimatur* of Paris, that is, within the last ten years.

But the most striking fact in the list of some 400 pictures in American collections containing examples of all schools and periods from Giotto downward, was that only five modern English painters were represented, and these were all Academicians, with the exception of Rossetti. The last, by the way, was the only Pre-Raphaelite represented, which shows how completely Americans are in the hands of Continental dealers. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when Americans will realise that there are some painters still left in England and that they are not invariably to be found among the august forty. The condition of the picture-market is in certain respects much healthier in Paris than in London. Paris being the world's emporium for pictures, the competition among dealers is much keener, and they are forced to look about and use their *flair* to discover who are the rising men among living painters. This type of dealer, who sniffs out a good thing among the young and unknown artists, so well described in the *Père Malgras* of Zola, is not entirely extinct in Paris. He exploits the young painter mercilessly, but the latter does not complain.

It is not necessary for him to make a sensation, to paint the picture of the year, to entertain largely, to see and be seen at all social functions. He can stick to his little garret in some old quarter, and make little excursions into the country, and meanwhile *piocher*, sure of a steady, quiet market with very little booming or fuss. The poor English painter meanwhile demands nothing better than to be exploited. He is forced by artificial conditions to put his prices absurdly high. In the restricted market open to him he may as well demand twenty pounds as twenty shillings, for if he cannot get the first, he will not get the second price. Outside the very small ring of patrons there is no market whatever. It is like trying to sell stamps in a fish-market. The wares have their worth, but the public knows and cares nothing about it.

Of course, in Paris, even more than in London, there are the much-boomed sensational pictures, the atrocious vistas of interminable Exhibitions. But side by side with these there exists the humble, silent painter and the shrewd speculative dealer, who appear to be extinct in London. A remedy is not to be found in the exhaustion of Old Masters—these will continue as before to change ownership. Let us hope that it may come with a renewed interest in true connoisseurship and a more sporting inclination to back one's own opinion.

MUSIC

HANDEL'S MESSIAH

IN 1742, one Mr. Charles Jennens, a literary amateur, wrote to some person or persons unknown:

"I shall show you a collection I gave Handel called *Messiah*, which I value highly. He has made a fine entertainment of it, though not near so good as he might and ought to have done. I have with the greatest difficulty made him correct some of the grossest faults in the composition, but he has retained his Overture obstinately in which there are some passages far unworthy of Handel, but much more unworthy of the *Messiah*. . . ."

"Or of Mr. Charles Jennens": was evidently the thought uppermost in that worthy's mind. This very fine person:

"lived in such princely state at Gopsall in Leicestershire that his neighbours dubbed him Soliman the Magnificent. His town house was in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, and he is said to have constantly driven thence to the house of his printer in Red Lion Passage, not five minutes walk from the place, with four horses, and attended by four lacqueys, one of whom used to remove oyster-shells and other rubbish from the pavement, when he descended from his coach to cross over to the printing-office."

We read in Handel's life that Mr. Jennens's friendship for the composer "was most sincere, and met with an equally sincere return." Also that "he wrote much and well." However, his chief claim to immortality to-day lies in the compilation of scripture phrases for the *Messiah*, which he gave to Handel, who completed the score in twenty-four days, ending September 6, 1741.

On November 18 following, an Irish paper of the day, known as *Faulkner's Journal* announced with a flourish of trumpets, that the "celebrated Dr. Handel" had arrived at Dublin, in the packet-boat from Holyhead. Five weeks later appeared another paragraph:

"On Monday next, being the 14th of December (and every day following) Attendance will be given, at Mr. Handel's house, in Abbey-Street near Liffey-street, from 9 o'clock in the Morning, till 2 in the Afternoon, in order to receive the Subscription Money for his Six Musical Entertainments in the New Musick Hall in Fishamble Street. . . ."

Fishamble Street, Dublin, now a slum, was then apparently a highly fashionable locality. The "New Musick Hall" built in 1741 had only just been opened. Handel's biographer, Mr. Rockstro, tells us that it was:

"afterwards converted into a Theatre, and, its audiences being very select, an advertisement announced that no one would be admitted to the Boxes or Pit 'without shoes and stockings' indicating of course that gentlemen were expected to wear the usual evening dress of the period, though certain Hibernian wits chose to give the passage a different signification. Thirty years ago, all that remained of the theatre was a neglected old building with a wooden porch into which it is probable that few persons wearing 'shoes and stockings' were accustomed to enter."

At each of the six musical entertainments conducted in this place we read in *Faulkner's Journal* that the New Musick Hall was filled to overflowing, with "a more numerous and polite audience than ever was seen upon the like occasion." In fact the series proved such an unqualified success that Handel was induced to give a second. In December he writes to his friend and patron, Soliman the Magnificent:

"It was with the greatest Pleasure I saw the Continuation of your kindness by the Lines you was pleased to send me, in order to be prefix'd to your *Oratorio Messiah* which I set to Musick before I left England. I am emboldened, Sir, by the generous Concern you please to take in relation to my affairs to give you an account of the Success I have met here. The Nobility did me the honour to make amongst themselves a Subscription for 6 nights which did fill a Room of 600 Persons, and without Vanity the performance was received with a general Approbation. Sigr Avolio, which I brought with me from London, pleases extraordinary. I have formed another Tenor Voice which gives great Satisfaction, the Basses and Counter Tenors are very good, and the rest Chorus-Singers (by my direction) do exceedingly well, as for the Instruments they are really excellent, Mr. Dubourgh being at the Head of them, and the Messiah sounds delightfully in this charming Room, which puts me in good Spirits (and my Health being so good) I exert myself on my Organ with more than usual success. . . ."

He further informs Mr. Jennens that:

"the Audience was composed [besides the Flower of Ladies of Distinction and other People of the greatest Quality] of so many Bishops, Deans, Heads of the Colledge, the most eminent People in the Law as the Chancellor, Auditor General, &c. &c.,"

and begs him to be persuaded of the sincere veneration and esteem with which he had the "Honneur" to be his most obliged and most humble servant, &c.

Handel was, in fact, feeling his way towards the production of the child of his heart, the new oratorio *Messiah*. The Dublin papers mention it for the first time on March 23, 1742, as follows:

"For the Relief of the Prisoners in the several Gaols and for the Support of Mercer's Hospital, in Stephen's Street, and of the Charitable Infirmary on the Inn's Quay, on Monday the 12th of April will be performed at the Musick Hall in Fishamble-Street Mr. Handel's new grand Oratorio, called the *MESSIAH*, in which the Gentlemen of the Choirs of both Cathedrals will assist, with some Concertos on the Organ, by Mr. Handell."

The public received this announcement so warmly, says Mr. Rockstro:

"that when a later advertisement was issued begging that ladies would be pleased to come without hoops and gentlemen without swords, all

purchasers of tickets by courteously conceding to the request enabled the Stewards to seat seven hundred persons in the room instead of six. On Thursday the 8th of April the New Oratorio was rehearsed in presence of all who had bought tickets for the ensuing performance—a most Grand, Polite and Crowded Audience." *Faulkner's Journal* informed its readers 'that it was allowed by the greatest judges to be the finest composition of Musick that ever was heard.'

We have seen that the *Messiah* as then produced did not altogether fulfil Mr. Jennens's expectations. Handel himself made extensive alterations in it afterwards. In 1789, thirty years after the composer's death, Mozart at Baron Van Swieten's request wrote his "additional accompaniments" for wind instruments. These were compared by Hauptman to "stucco ornaments on a marble temple." And in 1786, one Johann Adam Hiller, at a performance conducted by himself at the Berlin Cathedral, actually interpolated an Italian Aria to gratify the vanity of his principal singer. In fact the advisability of composing new arias for the *Messiah* was openly discussed in Germany, says Mr. Arthur Mees. Yet it was of the *Messiah* that the dying Beethoven exclaimed, pointing to the score: "Das ist das Wahre!"—"That is the true stuff!"

Handel himself conducted this work thirty-four times. On its first production in Dublin we are told that the chorus consisted of fourteen men and six boys. At the last performance which he proposed to direct himself, and which in fact took place three weeks after his death, it numbered twelve adult choristers, six boys and five principals—two men and three women.

We wonder how the eighteenth-century composer would have been affected, could he have emerged from his resting-place in the Poet's corner in Westminster Abbey, on April 21st, and listened to the Good-Friday performance of his beloved oratorio, given at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society, under the conductorship of Sir Frederick Bridge.

Picture him in his gold-laced coat, buckled shoes, and silk stockings, gazing up amazedly at this most horrible building's crowded top-galleries, and comparing it in his own mind to the "New Musick Hall" in Fishamble Street! Picture his fierce eye on Sir Frederick Bridge, on the contralto, on the trumpet-player! Would the enormous white wig have vibrated with that little nod which, Dr. Burney tells us, manifested pleasure and satisfaction when things went well at the oratorio, or would it have remained ominously fixed, betokening thus to "nice observers, that he was out of humour"?

"And we shall be changed!" runs the last aria entrusted to the last soloist. According to Handel we shall be "cha-a-a-a; -a-a-a-a; —a-a-a-ANGED!" He little knew how much—before the final Resurrection. Poor Handel! We think that though, "without Vanity," his breast might have swelled exultantly under its ample lace ruffles, as he drank in a fulness of choral and orchestral effect unattainable in his day, those "larger other eyes," attributed by Tennyson to translated beings, might have detected the slightly contemptuous amusement with which the larger other ears of a flippant twentieth century listened to some of his remarkable roulades.

Much in the *Messiah* is of imperishable beauty. The chorus "All we like sheep have gone astray," though much censured in Handel's lifetime, is unsurpassed in point of descriptive sound, by any modern composer, besides being enriched by that art of delicate melody, for which nowadays we listen in vain. This short pastoral is a model of *naïve* poetry. As each little passage detaches itself and leaps away, we conjure up visions of the jocund and unruly flock skipping through gaps in flowering banks, or hurrying round pleasant lanes; we see the mingled haze of sun and dust so dear to the impressionist painter; we hear the patter of innumerable feet, and finally the joyous ripple of the shepherd's pipe as he leads his wandering charges into their pasture. It is a delicious study of idyllic atmosphere, and floats into a crowded hall like a breath of fresh meadow-scented air. Or let us dwell on the solemn loveliness of such arias as "Come unto Him all ye that labour." Alas! that those beautiful and impressive

choruses, beginning "As by man came death," should merge into ludicrous anti-climax in the last of the set, "Even so in Christ shall all be made alive"; where the music, despite the solemnity of the words, suddenly leaps into such extreme liveliness as to suggest a Jack-in-the-box movement in most graveyards, culminating in a little jig among the tombstones. But who knows? Possibly this very effect may have been voted "Monstrous Pleasing" by the Flower of those Ladies of Distinction in Fishamble Street. Let us remember too that, while sorrow is as old as the world and its voice finds an echo in all hearts and will do so to the end of time, joy is so largely imaginative as hardly ever to achieve truthful expression. Happiness, says Maeterlinck:

"is the most silent thing that there is in the world. The angel of sorrow can speak in any language, there is not a word but she knows, but the lips of the angel of happiness are sealed."

On the whole Handel's music is typical of Handel's own personality; a jumble of the absurd, pathetic, and sublime. One of his biographers informs us that as he lived so far away from his country and relations it is to be presumed that his "Social Affections were not very strong." But he was a sincere friend, a generous benefactor and a man of deep religious belief. He died on Good Friday, April 13, 1759, "in hopes," as he said, "of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of his Resurrection"; "meaning," says Dr. Burney, "the third day, or Easter Sunday following."

We cannot leave the composer of the Hallelujah Chorus on his death-bed, without one more quotation, prophetic, let us hope, of this solemn hour:

"I did think," he said to those who questioned him on the source of his inspiration, "I did think I saw all Heaven before me, and the great God, Himself!"

E #

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE SEA-BLUE BIRD OF MARCH"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is useless to discuss the meaning of this expression without taking into account that it is a literal translation of the last three words of the 26th Fragment of Alcman, which runs as follows:

Οὐδὲ ἦτι παρθενικαὶ μελιγύρων ἱερόφυτο,
γυνία φέρει δίναται· βάλε δῆ βάλε κυριός εἴη,
δι' τὸν κύματος δύναος δι' ἀλεύθερος ποτήρας
τηλεγένης θηράς έχων, ἀλεπόφυτος εὔρος δρός.

"No longer, maidens of sweet voice and lovely utterance, have my limbs power to bear me. Would, ah! would I were a kingfisher, that over the flower of the foam fits together with his mates, his heart free from care, the sea-blue bird of March!"

Tennyson is steeped in the Classics.

April 20.

R. J. WALKER.

SCIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If I remember right, we were told in the ACADEMY some months ago that science was "systematised knowledge." Yet statements appear in the articles headed "science," which cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, on the most liberal and indulgent interpretation of the words, be brought under this definition. In the last number we are told that Wordsworth is "the profoundest thinker among English poets." Wordsworth a profounder thinker than Shakespeare! And in the preceding number I read, "innumerable creeds, all, of course, of Oriental origin." What! "all" of these "innumerable creeds"? And why, "of course," in the name of wonder? In what sense are such statements "science," and not rather, "questionable history" and "dubious criticism"? No one can love scientific reading more than myself, but I claim that it shall be science pure and undefiled.

April 24.

J. A. B.

ENGLISH WORDS IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—H.E.F.'s impression concerning the French use of the word "rajd" is inexplicable. I have lived in France for ten years, exclusively in French society. I have noted the gradual changes that have come over the meaning of "rajd"; I have never seen it printed with the diaeresis and never heard it pronounced otherwise than red. The writer of the note seems the better-informed.

April 25.

F. B.

THE CRESCENT AND STAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What I saw in my youth was a veritable star, for the moon was "dogged" by it, as Coleridge describes it, for the rest of the evening. The star was not "within," but right upon "the nether tip," as I have seen in pictures of Oriental lamps. Others tell me they too have witnessed the phenomenon, so the question is how to explain what we saw. Can it be that the star was on the point of occultation? Many will, as I do, thank Mr. Wallis for his courteous consideration, which I hope he will extend to a further reply.

JOHN B. TABB.

P.S.—The note I referred to is by J. Dykes Campbell.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Bate, Percy. *English Table Glass*. Newner's Library of the Applied Arts, 7s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Miller, Edward. *John Knox, the Hero of the Scottish Reformation*. Me rose, 1s. net.

Vizetelly, Ernest A. *The Wild Marquis. The Life and Adventures of Armand Guerry de Maubreuil, Marquis d'Orvau*. Chatto & Windus, 6s. Caussy, Fernand. *Laclos, 1741-1803, d'après des documents originaux suivis d'un mémoire inédit de Laclos*. Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 3 f. 50 c.

Le Brun, Roger. *F. de Curel*. Paris: Sansot. "Les Célébrités d'aujourd'hui," 1 f.

EDUCATIONAL.

Dumas, Alexandre. *Le Voyage De Chicot*. Blackie's Little French Classics, 4d.

Jamieson, Walter. *Graphs for Beginners*. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

Mansfield Poole, W., and Becker, Michel. *Lectures Françaises, Géographie et Histoire*. Blackie, 2s. 6d.

Shakespeare, William. *Henry the Eighth*. Blackie, the Picture Shakespeare, 1s.

Aveling, F. W. *A Practical French Grammar*. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s.

Blackie's English School Texts. *Antonio and Benedict Mol*, and *Gipsy Stories*.

Extracts from "The Bible in Spain," by George Borrow. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Tanglewood Tales*. Blackie, 8d. each.

Thucydides, Book VI. Edited with Introduction and Notes by A. W. Spratt. Cambridge University Press. Pitt Press Series, 6s.

FICTION.

Vachel, Horace Annesley. *The Hill: A Romance of Friendship*. Murray, 6s.

Morgan, Joseph Brown, and Freeman, James Rogers. *The Spurs of Gold*. Melrose, 5s.

Le Queux, William. *Sins of the City*. White, 6s.

Corkran, Henriette. *Lucie and I*. Unwin, 6s.

White, Fred M. *The Crimson Blind*. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Upward, Allen. *The Phantom Torpedo Boats*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Albanesi, E. Maria. *Marian Saz*. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Meyrick, Lloyd. *Vicar Dentor: An Incident in the Life of a Country Parson*. Skeffington, 3s. 6d.

Gorky, Maxim. *The Man who was Afraid (Noma Gordyleff)*. Translated by Hermann Bernstein. Unwin. Popular edition, 1s. net.

Frenssen, Gustav. *Jörn Uhl*. Translated by F. S. Delmer. Constable, 6s. (See p. 464.)

Rennison, Rennie. *Mixed Relationships*. Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.

Ensell, Mrs. *The Mysteries of Schoederling Hall: A Story of Things Natural and Supernatural*. Burleigh, 2s. 6d.

Binstead, Arthur M. *Map Fair: Some Elegant Extracts from the Private Correspondence of Lady Viola Drumcree, the Fatherless Daughter of Fedorovna, Countess of Chertsey*. Sands, 3s. 6d.

Spillmann, Joseph. *Valiant and True: being the Adventures of the Swiss Guards at the time of the French Revolution*. Sands, 6s.

HISTORY.

Lord, Arthur Power. *The Regency of Marie De Médicis: a Study of French History from 1610 to 1616*. Bell.

Bond, Beverly W., Jr. *State Government in Maryland, 1777-1781*. John Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Sciences. Baltimore: John Hopkins Press, 50 c.

- McKinley, Albert Edward. *The Suffrage Franchise in the Thirteen English Colonies in America.* Publications of the University of Pennsylvania Series in History, No. 2. Boston : Ginn.
 Danvers, F. C. *Israel Redivivus: being a History of the Tribes of Israel (distinct from that of Judah) from the times when the Biblical accounts of them came to an end.* Banks, 3s. 6d. net.

LAW.

- Smith, Russell J. *The Organisation of Ocean Commerce.* Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Series in Political Economy and Public Law, No. 17. Boston : Ginn.

LITERATURE.

- Kropotkin, P. *Russian Literature.* Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.
 Pellissier, Georges. *Etudes de Littérature et de Morale Contemporaines.* Paris : Cornély, 3 fr. 50c.
 Cutler, A. Waldo. *Stories of King Arthur and his Knights.* Re-told from Malory's "Morte D'Arthur." M'Spadden, J. Walker. *Stories of Robin Hood and his Merry Outlaws.* Re-told from the old Ballads. Harrap, 2s. 6d. net each.
 Williams, W. H. *Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama from Lyly to Shirley, A.D. 1580 to A.D. 1642.* Clarendon Press and Henry Frowde, 7s. 6d.
 Rusden, G. W. *William Shakespeare: his Life, his Work, and his Teaching.* Melbourne: Melville & Mullen, 10s. 6d. net.
 Beatty, H. M. *Dante and Virgil.* Blackie, 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Compton, Herbert. *Come to Tea with us.* The Anti Tea-Duty League, 1s.
 Lewis, Georgina King. *Critical Times in Turkey, and England's Responsibility.* Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.
 Okakura, Y. *The Japanese Spirit.* With an Introduction by George Meredithe. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.
 Jephson, Lady. *Letters to a Débutante.* Nash, 3s. 6d.

ORIENTAL.

- Semitic Study Series : No. IV. *A Selection from the Prolegomena of Ibn Khaldūn.* With Notes and a Glossary by Durcan B. Macdonald. No. V. *The Abu Habba Cylinder of Nabuna'id* (V. Rawlinson, pl. 64). Autographed text by Robert J. Law, with an Introduction and Glossary by J. Dyneley Prince, Ph.D. Leiden, late E. J. Brill, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.
 Littmann, Enno. *Modern Arabic Tales.* Vol. I. Arabic Text. Part VI. of the Publications of an American Archaeological Expedition to Syria in 1899-1900. Leiden : late E. J. Brill.
 Landberg le Comte de. *Etudes sur les dialectes de l'Arabe Méridionale.* Vol. II. *Dattash.* Part I. Textes et Traduction. Leiden, late E. J. Brill, 8 m.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Harrison, Frederic. *The Herbert Spencer Lecture,* delivered at Oxford, March 9, 1905. Clarendon Press, 2s. net.
 Trobridge, George. *The Foundations of Philosophy: a Study of the Doctrine of Degrees and Related Subjects.* Speirs.

POETRY.

- Wood, Michael. *The Garment of God.* St. Mihel Workshop, Bushey, 6d.
 Stutfield, Hugh E. M. *The Burden of Babylondon, or the Social Incubus and other Vers de Société.* Arnold, 2s. 6d.
 Mowat, G. Houston. *Search Light: being frag-ends of busy days put into verse.* Paisley : Gardner, 2s. 6d. net.

POLITICAL.

- Gulick, Sidney L. *The White Peril in the Far East.* Revell, 3s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS.

- Dobson, Austin. *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay (1778-1840),* as edited by her niece Charlotte Barrett. Vol. V., 1791-1802. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.
 Herrick, Poems. Newnes. Thin paper Classics, 3s. 6d.
 The Complete Works of Count Leo N. Tolstoy. Edited and translated by Leo Wiener. Vol. XII.: *Fables for Children; Stories for Children; Moral Tales.* Vol. XIII.: *My Confession; Critique of Dogmatic Theology.* Dent, 3s. 6d. net each.
 Beaconsfield, the Earl of. *Tancred, or the New Crusade.* With an Introduction by the Earl of Iddesleigh. Lane, 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.
The Hungry Forties: Life under the Bread Tax. With an Introduction by Mrs. Cobden Unwin. Unwin, People's Edition, 6d.
 Dickens, Charles. *A Tale of Two Cities.* Nelson's Sixpenny Classics.
 Bronte, Charlotte. *Shirley.* 2 vols. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.

SCIENCE.

- Allbutt, T. Clifford. *The Historical Relations of Medicine and Surgery to the end of the Sixteenth Century.* An Address delivered at the St. Louis Congress in 1904. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

SOCIOLOGY.

- Ferri, Enrico. *Socialism and Positive Science (Darwin-Spencer-Marx).* Translated by Edith C. Harvey. No. I. of "The Socialist Library." The Independent Labour Party, 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.
 Horsfall, T. C. *The Relation of National Service to the Welfare of the Community.* Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes, 6d.

THEOLOGY.

- Twells, Canon Henry. *Bible Characters and other Addresses.* Gardner, Darton, 3s. 6d.
 Brooks, Phillips. *An Easter Sermon.* Allenson. Heart and Life Booklets, No. 3, 6d.
 Atkin, F. W. *Bright and Brief Talks to Men: twenty-one Addresses for Pleasant Sunday Afternoons.* Allenson, 1s. 6d.
 Carson, Thomas G. *Man's Responsibility, or How and Why the Almighty introduced Evil upon the Earth.* Putnam, 3s. net.

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